

THIS WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT--JOHN FLANAGAN

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MAUDE CAMPBELL.

A CHARMING AND CLEVER AMERICAN GIRL WHOSE ARTISTIC STAGE WORK HAS BEEN MOST FAVORABLY COMMENTED ON.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, October 28, 1905

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
JOHN FLANAGAN, the Noted Athlete.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Redlac, 2:07½, is now the fastest of the Allertons.

Lord Roberts, the son of Arion and Nancy Hanks, has clipped his record to 2:10.

Jim Parr, the English heavyweight wrestler, is now a hotel owner in Buffalo, N. Y.

Dan Patch, 1:55½, is the sire of five standard performers, headed by Ed Patch, 2:08½.

W. K. Vanderbilt's Salambo won the Prix de Newmarket, 10½ furlongs, at Longchamps recently.

Ernie Hjertberg, Columbia's veteran trainer, has severed his connection with the university after five years.

Eugene Sandow, the famous strong man, has returned to London, England, from South Africa and China.

Yankee Consul, the noted race horse, died at Lexington, Ky., on Oct. 11. He was valued at \$100,000 and owned by Paul Rainey, a Pittsburgh millionaire.

Denis Horgan, a noted Irish shot putter, arrived here recently from the other side. Horgan holds the British record for the sixteen-pound shot.

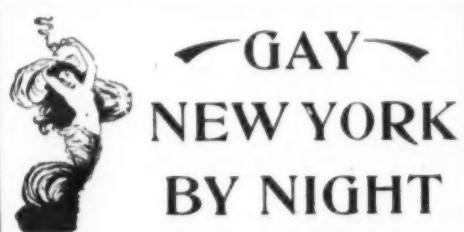
Howard Cobb, of Ithaca, N. Y., has purchased of Edward Parker, of Georgetown, Ky., the three-year-old black filly Fogg, by Director General, out of a mare by Bermuda, for \$12,500.

H. V. Valentine, of the New York Athletic Club, made an effort to lower the 1,000-yard record recently, but was unsuccessful. He covered 900 yards in 2:04 3-5, a new world's record. His time for the 1,000 yards was 2:10 1-2.

St. Louis racetrack owners and racing men are preparing legal and financial resources for an effort to test in the State Supreme Court the constitutionality of the acts by which the breeders' law was repealed during the last session of the legislature.

NEXT WEEK!

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INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

PICKED UP THROUGHOUT

THE THEATRICAL FIELD

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their Doings For Publication on This Page.

GAZETTE HALF-TONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR

The Prentice Acrobatic Troupe Scores a Big Hit---Bob McCauley Has Joined Hands With Fannie Donovan---Charles Burns a Success.

Jessie Moreno, after a year's illness, has returned to work.

Fratelle and Radcliffe are en route with the Rents-Santley Company.

W. F. Karl joined Pain's "Last Days of Pompeii" Company, at Portland, Ore.

George F. Howard is now the stage manager at Bonney's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gray and Graham, the musical bellboy and military maid, are with the Kentucky Belles, and their

Morris, the Man with the Poetical Feet, is meeting with success.

The old team of Sheridan and Mack have formed a partnership again.

Leona and Edna Wayne are this season with Bob Manchester's Cracker Jack Company.

Florence May has joined hands with her sister, Mabel, doing a refined singing and dancing act.

The Pascatoquack Club Minstrel Company has been organized at Newmarket, N. H., with Charles



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

MAUD DE LORA.

She's a Nice Clever Little Girl and is a Most Successful Entertainer. Her Artistic Stage Work has been much Admired throughout the Country.

Act has been a hit everywhere. The Scotch finish has everyone laughing. The big saxophone is a wonderful hit also.

Al Hoevet will not go on the road this season, but will do club work in New York and vicinity.

Marvella and Gleason have played ninety weeks in the middle West, and are booked solid until Dec. 25.

Viola Brothers, comedy acrobats, have closed with Hunt's Big Show, and have met with success.

J. C. Crippen has replaced Harlem W. Davies as musical director for the "Hooligan's Troubles" Company.

George W. Hussey, the ventriloquist, is booked solid until March, 1906, in the best vaudeville theatres of the East.

Ava Sothern has been engaged for the ingenue role in the new vaudeville spectacular comedy, "A Chinese Concession."

Robert E. Lively, contortionist and hand balancer, is with the Great Barlow Minstrels, where his act is one of the strong features of the olio. Mr. Lively is now doing his act on a nickel plated pedestal.

The team of Van Fossen and McCauley has been dissolved. Bob McCauley has joined hands with Fannie Donovan. They are doing a refined singing, talking and comedy dancing act, and are booked solid until 1906, in the West.

H. Chase, manager; Frank H. Pinkham, secretary and treasurer, and Bernard J. Haines, musical director.

Al H. West, the black face comedian, with the United States Minstrels, is making a success on the end.

Charles Merritt and May Rozella have dissolved partnership. Hereafter Miss Rozella will do a single specialty.

James A. Shadrick, formerly Etta La Rose and Shadrick, is playing Southern California, and reports big success.

The Bradfords made their initial bow to a New York audience recently, in their novel act, "A Hot Time in Coontown."

Frank Hagar, pianist at Smith's Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., last season, has been engaged as musical director at the Bijou Vaudeville Theatre, in Lansing, Mich.

Messrs. Wilmer and Vincent, lessees of the Orpheum, at Reading, Pa., have engaged Bert R. Miller, who will be on the executive staff, to promote the interests and general welfare of the house. Mr.

THE GREAT BILLY BANNARD, Who was a star on the Princeton team, and who is this year's coach, is the author of Football: How To Play It, No. 14 of the Fox Athletic Library. It is the best ever. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

Miller is well known, having been actively connected in different business capacities of the amusement and advertising business for the past thirteen years.

Carloza and Silverton are with J. W. Vogel's Minstrels, as a special feature of the olio, doing their novelty tight wire act.

Jennings and Renfrew, who write and sing their own songs, are playing a successful engagement over the Kohl & Castle circuit.

Charles Burns is again with the Mattice Stock Company, and his specialties are meeting with last season's success at every stand.

Charley Farrell has finished playing the Melville circuit of parks, and is re-engaged for next season in the same act, an old colored man.

Reno and Murray will remain in the Middle West until January, where they have bookings. They have put their California time forward.

Collins and Brown report big success in the principal comedy parts with H. S. Woodhull's High Roller Company, also doing their Dutch specialty.

Hall's Marvelous dogs are engaged with the Will A. Peters Stock Company, having joined the company at Ashville, N. C., Sept. 18, as the feature act.

Bert Renshaw, of the team of Warren and Renshaw, has joined the Musical Millers, and the act will be known in the future as Miller, Renshaw and Miller.

The Clermontos, Frank and Etta (the Hawaiian Duo) have closed a successful Summer tour of parks (ten weeks in all) over the Plummer & Blake circuit.

Edgar Forzman will shortly appear in New York representing his tramp specialty. Negotiations are now pending for the production of his play, "The Blackmailers."

Fox and Le Moin have closed their season at Conner's Imperial Theatre, Coney Island. They are doing their new act, entitled, "After the Show," and report success.

Prof. Dodd and his dog, Nigger, have returned from the Pacific Coast. Mr. Dodd reports success, playing fifty weeks out of fifty-two, and those he lost making jumps.

Myrtle Verdier, of the Verdier Trio, and Disney Reiger, are in vaudeville, after a retirement of two years. They opened at Gilden's Alhambra Music Hall, Savannah, Ga.

Della Bordeau closed a successful season with Stevens & Mossman's Company, doing her singing specialty of coon songs. She will travel through the Western States.

Schuster and Voss, Hebrew comedians; Lazar and Lazar, musical novelty act, and Adams and Edwards, comedy sketch, are among the people signed for the High Flyers.

The Three Ronaldos, Edward, Eva and Charles, grotesques, are with the Albert Taylor Stock Company, No. 1, as a special feature, and report meeting with success.

The Leffel Trio, the past season a special feature with the Hargreaves Shows, are booked solid for the Winter with their novelty act, entitled "A Night On The Ocean."

W. G. Rozell, the tramp musician, has been engaged as leading comedian and vaudeville feature with the Murray Comedy Company. (J. Russ Smith, manager), making his second season with this company.

The Casino Comedy Four, Dan Evans, George W. Thomas, Phil Apel and M. C. Reynolds, report meeting with success in their up-to-date singing and comedy specialty, with Phil Sheridan's City Sports Company.

Lewis and Harr, negro impersonators, are in the East, after two and one-half years on the Coast. They came East with a special endorsement of their work to Kohl & Castle, from D. J. Grauman, of San Francisco, having never played this, their new act, in the East. The act is entitled "Old Folks at Home," and is a black face musical sketch.

The Sisters McConnell, after closing their Orpheum and Clutha engagement in California, returning to the middle West, and have played Forest Park Highlands, St. Louis; Fontaine Ferry Park, Louisville; East End Park, Memphis, and Forest Park, Kansas City, with their usual success. Their father, James W. Thompson, has secured for them a ten weeks' engagement with the Diemer Stock Company, at the Diemer Opera House, Springfield, Mo.

Archie Prevost Prentice, of the Prentice Acrobatic Troupe, writes: "If you don't do the best act in the world it is gratifying to know that you are with a good show." Here's a press notice from Denver that would go far to prove his act is all right: "The show, without a particle of exaggeration, is one of the best all-around entertainments that has ever been seen in Denver. Battling Nelson is one of the great attractions, of course, and draws the crowd, but when it comes to the entertainment he is a side issue. As he said himself yesterday: 'If I could do an act like those four Prentice acrobats, I don't believe I'd do any more fighting. They are the marvels of the show.'

"Mr. Battling is correct. Other acrobats appear tame if you've ever seen this troupe of two men and two women. Mrs. Prentice, a pretty and shapely person, comes on the stage carrying the rest of the troupe on her shoulders. She does some wonderful work. The smaller woman goes across the stage in a series of somersaults so rapidly done that she appears like a cartwheel decorated with ribbons. The men, who are corking good comedians as well as acrobats, are inimitable in their line."

SEND SEVEN 2-CENT STAMPS FOR BELLE GORDON'S PHYSICAL CULTURE BOOK FOR LADIES....IT'S A WONDER

SPRINTER ARTHUR DUFFEY

—ONE OF THE BEST—

WILL NEVER RUN AGAIN

The Speedy American Has Announced His Permanent Retirement From the Cinder Path.

HE IS THE HOLDER OF FOUR ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

Returned to This Country Recently After a Most Successful Tour Abroad, Which Included Australia and New Zealand.

Arthur F. Duffey has stated positively that he has run his last race and will never again be seen in a public sprint contest. If the Georgetown man is firm in his intention to quit athletics for all time, then the public has seen the last of the foremost American sprinter and for a long period the fleetest man in all the world. He is the only amateur to accomplish a feat considered impossible, that of running 100 yards in 9.35 seconds. But at the annual track and field meet of the Intercollegiate Association of the Amateur Athletes of America, held at Berkeley Oval in 1902, Duffey proved equal to the task, and under atmospheric, starting and timing conditions that were unquestionable.

For generations the speed limit possible to a man over 100 yards of ground has been a point frequently discussed, and various opinions were prevalent. Not a few held that some day a big, leggy fellow would come out of the woods and do 9 seconds flat, and the early sprints were laughed at for their prophecies. Early as 1844 some fast times were credited to sprinters. George Seward, a professional, and a native of Hartford, Conn., covered the century in 9.5 seconds, and these figures adorned the record tables for years until an investigation revealed the fact that the record was made by the runner taking a flying start. Seward subsequently went to England and beat all the professionals there. For a number of years Harry E. Buermeye, one of the founders of the New York A. C., was credited

Wendell, Myers, Waldron, Ford, Westing and Sherrill followed with similar figures, but at the A. A. U. championship in 1890, John Owen, Jr., of the Detroit A. C., made the hundred in 9.45 seconds, at Anacostia Island, Washington, and people said it was a mark that would stand the assaults of time. Records of 9.45 seconds were made by Crum, Webers, Rush, Maybury and Sears. The repetition became monotonous until the bright day in May when Duffey wiped out all previous marks and set up a figure which is bound to take some beating.

Duffey says that in getting ready for this race he put himself through an extra preparation. He ran or cantered twice a day—in the morning and afternoon—and at each session kept well up on his toes in order to fully develop the muscles of his calves and thighs. Just before engaging in the afternoon exercise he took a short nap, which is claimed to be the greatest benefit to a man in hard training. His wisdom on the point of being in good form was clearly shown afterward, for at the Yale-Harvard dual meet Schick won in 9.45 seconds and turned up at the intercollegiate meet in even better condition. Both Schick and Duffey plowed their way to the semi-finals and the first heat was won by Moulton, of Yale, with Schick second in 10 seconds. Duffey came out for his heat, and he put the crowd on edge by winning from Cadogan, of California, in 9.45 seconds. Westney, of Pennsylvania, was allowed to start in the final owing to a protest against Schick, and when the five sprinters walked back to their marks for the final the crowd was worked up to a great pitch. About that time a fitful breeze was blowing, but just as the runners were ordered on their marks two members of the A. A. U. record committee hoisted their pocket handkerchiefs, and their testimony afterward was that while the race was under way there was not enough wind in motion to sway the handkerchiefs.

The start was all in favor of Schick. Duffey, who was always away first in previous contests, lost nearly a yard to Schick. Westney, Cadogan and Moulton got under way with fine action, too. For the first fifty yards Schick held Duffey off. But then there was a still greater surprise, for it was seen that Schick began to forge slightly ahead and at 75 yards had a clear lead. Duffey, however, put on steam and fairly flew ahead in one of the greatest spurts ever seen at the finish of a sprint race. At 85 yards he went by Schick, and in the next 15 yards opened up a gap of two yards on the Harvard man. He struck the tape like a rocket in 9.35 seconds. Three watches agreed on the time, and one returned 9.25 seconds. The slower time was announced by the referee, and Duffey had accomplished a performance never dreamed of by himself in his castle building moments and totally unexpected by the most hopeful spectator.

Duffey's first introduction to athletics occurred in 1896, at Kennington Oval, Boston, where in a race for schoolboys he beat every one. That Fall he became a student at the English High School. The following year he took part in the New England Interscholastic championships and won the 100 yards in record time, 10 seconds. The same year he came to New York for the Interscholastic meet, but met defeat in the sprints. In the Summer of 1898, Duffey had gathered considerable speed, and he entered in a 100-yard handicap where he was allowed 3 yards from Webers. Duffey tied with the champion and thence onward his reputation was established. Entering Worcester Academy in the Fall, Duffey was placed under the tuition of Pouch Donovan, a professional sprinter.

That Pouch's advice proved fruitful was evidenced the following Spring at the indoor games of the Boston A. A., at Mechanics Hall, when Duffey competed in the 40-yard run and won in 4.35 seconds, equaling the world's record held jointly by Bross, Bigelow, Kennington, Webers, Redpath and Schueber. About a month later, Duffey duplicated these figures at Boston. That same Spring Duffey came to New York for the interscholastic championships and won the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat, and setting up a new record for the meet.

Nothing more was heard of the promising tyro until the A. A. U. championships, which were held at Boston that year, 1899, and Duffey entered from the East Boston A. A. Among the entries was Webers, who was in poor form; Kraenzlein, who was said to be moving fast, and J. F. Quinlan, of Harvard, a strong, even time man. Kraenzlein represented the New York A. C., whose followers, with Mike Murphy, visited the Hub prepared to stake their street clothes on the lanky Pennsylvanian. Considerable of this ardor evaporated when Duffey romped away with his heat in 9.45 seconds, leaving Quinlan in his rear, and there were loud claims here and there that the little man had beaten the gun. Kraenzlein won his heat, and he,

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with Duffey, Quinlan and Webers, made up the final heat. Here Duffey again showed his speed by winning from Kraenzlein by a yard in 10 seconds. Duffey lodged a claim for the 9.45 seconds record, but it was never allowed by the A. A. U. In the Fall of that same year Duffey entered Georgetown University, but on account of having within a year represented an athletic club in open competition, he was declared ineligible to compete in the intercollegiate championships of 1900, but the Paris Exposition loomed up and Duffey took the trip, taking in the English championships at Stamford Bridge, London, as well.

His most formidable British opponent was R. W. Wadley, of the Highgate Harriers, who had captured the title in 1899 in 10.15 seconds. Considerable money was wagered in the final, but Duffey proved to be the fleetest sprinter by winning in 10 seconds. Duffey stayed abroad all through the season, made a thorough tour of England and Scotland, and had a prosperous time scooping in all the prizes.

Duffey won the intercollegiate championship in 1901 in 10.15 seconds, and immediately left for England, where he again won the championship in even time and toured the country as in 1900. At Stourbridge on July 8 he appeared in a race of 120 yards, and won in 11.45 seconds, equaling the English record, made jointly by W. P. Phillips in 1883, C. A. Bradley in 1894 and A. R. Downer in 1896. A little more than a week afterward, on July 20, Duffey covered the 100 yards in 9.45 seconds, on grass, at Leicester.

The intercollegiate championships of 1902 and 1903 went to Duffey, and these he also won the English titles. In 1904 his speed seemed to have left him and after winning a preliminary heat of the 100 yards in the intercollegiate meet at Philadelphia, he did not start in the semi-finals. Soon afterward Duffey left for New Zealand, and with Alfred Shrub, the English distance runner, made a trip of the Antipodes. But in his case there was not all sunshine, for he met defeat at the hands of Nigel Barker, of Sydney University, in 10.15 seconds. The pair also ran a dead heat in 10 seconds. However, Duffey showed a dash of his old-time speed by running 60 yards in 6.25 seconds, 50 yards in 5.25 seconds and 75 yards in 7.35 seconds, all new Australian records. He also won the 100 yards championship of New Zealand in 10.25 seconds.

Duffey made repeated attacks on the 50-yard record of 5.5 seconds, by the late L. E. Myers. On one occasion he was credited with 5.15 seconds at Washington, but a little calculation showed there was something wrong with the timing and the floor was a veritable springboard. He secured the record at Washington on February 21, 1904, by running in 5.25 seconds, but on the same night Victor S. Rice, of Chicago, ran the distance in the same time, so Duffey is joint holder. Duffey is joint holder with half a dozen others in the 80-yard record of 6.25 seconds.

Next Week! Next Week!

GAY NEW YORK BY NIGHT
By Ike Swift.

The beginning of a great series of stories. Order in advance.

HOW ABOUT JIU-JITSU NOW?

Miss Misao Soga, a Japanese sword dancer, who says she lives in West Sixty-sixth street, New York City, gave an exhibition of Jiu-Jitsu the other day in front of a dry goods store in West 125th street. J. F. McCullom, 22 years old, an electrician, of 281 West Forty-third street, attempted to speak to her, she alleges. The young man no sooner had the words out of his mouth than Miss Soga grabbed him by the coat collar and threw him over her head as if he were a toy. McCullom picked himself up, and when he tried to explain to her that he mistook her for somebody else she caught him by the arms and threw him again, and he landed on the sidewalk harder than he did the first time. A crowd quickly gathered and Bicycle Policeman Ajax Whitman, the strong man, went to McCullom's assistance. The young man was taken to the West 125th street station and locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

McCullom said he mistook the woman for another Japanese woman he had met last Summer at Great Neck, L. I. He wanted to tell her that, but she did not give him a chance.

The sergeant asked her to show him what McCullom did to her, and she explained through K. Yoshimura, her escort, that the young man grabbed her by the collar of her waist and said something to her which she did not understand. Yoshimura, who is an art dealer, was in another store in the neighborhood, and she did not know what to do, as she speaks little English, so she tried Jiu-Jitsu.

She was asked to illustrate through her escort just what happened in the street, and she caught Yoshimura by the left arm with one hand and his coat collar with the other. Yoshimura was sprawling on his back before he had time even to think. She threw him clean over her shoulder, although she is a small woman and he a man weighing 165 pounds.

Two fine books on Jiu-Jitsu are published by Richard K. Fox, and if you want to learn how these tricks are done, get them. One is "The Science of Jiu-Jitsu," price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra, and the other is "Jiu-Jitsu Tricks," 25 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

BOUTS IN WILKES-BARRE.

Jack Bolan of Cincinnati, who was to have met Jack Mitchell, a lightweight of Pittston, before the Peerless A. C., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on Oct. 10, did not appear, and Buck Kelly, of Philadelphia, fought in his place. He lasted six rounds and for four of them gave as good as he got. Kid Grim quit at the end of three rounds with Pat McAvoy.

WHIRLWIND BATTLE.

Nothing better than the Angell-Cordell battle which took place at Los Angeles, Cal., before the Pacific A. C., on Oct. 3, has been witnessed in the vicinity in some time.

When the whirlwind finish came in the sixth and Cordell went down for the count before the rain of blows, it took the crowd by surprise. Cordell wanted to stand away and shoot in long range blows at the opening, but Angell tore his way in and with lightning rapidity chopped the cool, cautious Cordell with

punches on the jaw and head. In the second round both men started with whirlwind rushes, stood close and worked in all their pet punches until a stiff punch staggered Cordell and a second later another sent him to the floor. He was up at once, but a few seconds later Joe brought him to his knees with a pretty right-hander. In the third Cordell got busy, and what he



PROF. CHAS. W. DE WET.

Diver, Swimmer, Artist, Author and Composer, whose Athletic Ability is Remarkable.

did to Angell's face was a pity. Joe kept after him and rushed him to the ropes frequently. In the sixth round Angell played for the jaw. A terrific right sent Cordell back and a second one stretched him on his back for the count. It was a great fight, Angell fighting after Nelson's style, always boring in and not allowing his opponent a moment's rest.

BEEL DOWNED ROGERS.

Fred Beel, the Wisconsin wrestler, who gave Tom Jenkins such a hard tussle in New York last winter, met Yankee Rogers at Cleveland, Ohio, on Oct. 11, and succeeded in throwing his opponent twice in twenty minutes. Beel weighed 165 and Rogers 205 pounds.

NEW THOROUGHBRED RECORDS.

A new record for seven furlongs was established for two-year-olds, at Belmont Park, N. Y., on Oct. 11, by Perverse, who, with 119 pounds up, ran the distance in 1:23 3-5, within a tenth of a second of the world's record.

D. C. Johnson's grand gelding, Roseben, made a new world's record at the same track on Oct. 6, running six furlongs with 147 pounds up, in the remarkable time of 1:11 3-5.

WALLACE PUT OUT.

At the Nonpareil A. C., Baltimore, on Oct. 10, Jimmy Farrell, of Baltimore, knocked out Eddie Wallace, of Philadelphia, with a left swing to the jaw.

Young McCue got the decision over Kid Tufts, of Philadelphia.

Kid Geiger won over Mitchell Levy by a close margin. Ed Snowden was defeated by Charley McElerry and Billy Whistler hammered Con Lauterbach and got the decision.

BOXER FAINTED WHEN PUNCHED.

Three hundred sporting men from Cleveland, Buffalo and Erie were treated to the best exhibition of boxing that has been given by the Erie (Pa.) A. C. this season, when Kid Gleason, of Erie, practically knocked out Terry Ferguson, of Buffalo, in thirteen rounds on Oct. 10. Ferguson was able to get to his corner, where he fainted and his seconds threw up the sponge.

Both men weighed in at about 105 pounds, and while Ferguson was taller and had a longer reach he did not have the nerve or the fighting ability of the Kid. He had him all but out in the fourth round, when he eased up on the fighting.

HONEY MELLODY HISSED.

Chicago's first boxing exhibition for over a year was held at the Chicago A. A., on Oct. 7, with five six-round affairs. The windup was a very uninteresting bout between Honey Melody and Dick Fitzpatrick, which resulted in a draw. Melody displayed none of his old-time form and administered little real punishment to Fitzpatrick, who was so heavy that he did not make any serious attempt to dodge blows.

When the fight had gone to the fourth round, and it became evident that Melody was taking about as much as he was giving, the crowd concluded that he was not trying and he was roundly hissed.

In the last round, the Boston boy had apparently no advantage at all, and was even put to the floor near the close of the period, although this resulted more from his slipping than from Fitzpatrick's punches.

By far the best contest of the whole evening was afforded by Paddy Nee, of Pittsburg, and a local boy, Kid Farmer, who set a fast gait at the start and continued it to the finish, the decision going to Farmer, who clearly outpointed his sturdier opponent.

Young Sylvester and Myers Peterson, Chicago boys, met in the opening bout, and the latter was knocked out in the third round. Tommy Sheen got a decision over Jack Britton and Mike Bartley and Kid Taylor fought a draw.

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER.

Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for *Poker; How to Win*, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



ARTHUR DUFFEY.

The Speedy Sprinter who Holds the Remarkable Record of 9.35 seconds for 100-yard Dash.

with a record of 9.5 seconds, but at his own request this was removed from the record books, as he thought he was never really capable of such speed and the timers must have made a mistake.

After the introduction of the championship meet in 1877, when the use of timing watches became more general and the measurement of the courses was usually made with more care, phenomenal times for the hundred were not so frequent. However, the first amateur to show 10 seconds, was W. C. Wimer, who won the championship on the old Mott Haven grounds.

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS....SPORTS, NAVAL OR MILITARY SCENES, ETC....WE WILL PUBLISH WITHOUT CHARGE



TWO AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES, AND ONE IS MISS WHITE, WHILE THE OTHER IS A PICTURE OF THE ROSE GIRL.



Photos by Feinberg: New York

THE TASMANIAN TROUPE WHOSE CLEVER ACT HAS CREATED SOMETHING OF A SENSATION.

WORTH LOOKING AT.

YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE LADY WITH THE BASEBALL BAT.



OUT FOR A GOOD TIME.

THE MEMBERS OF THE INDEPENDENT SOCIAL CLUB OF MILWAUKEE, WIS., ALL OF WHOM ARE GOOD SPORTS, ON A JOLLY OUTING.



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HERE IS A FASHIONABLE WAGON BUILT FOR TWO AND IT IS THE REAL THING IN THE LAND OF THE RAJAHS.



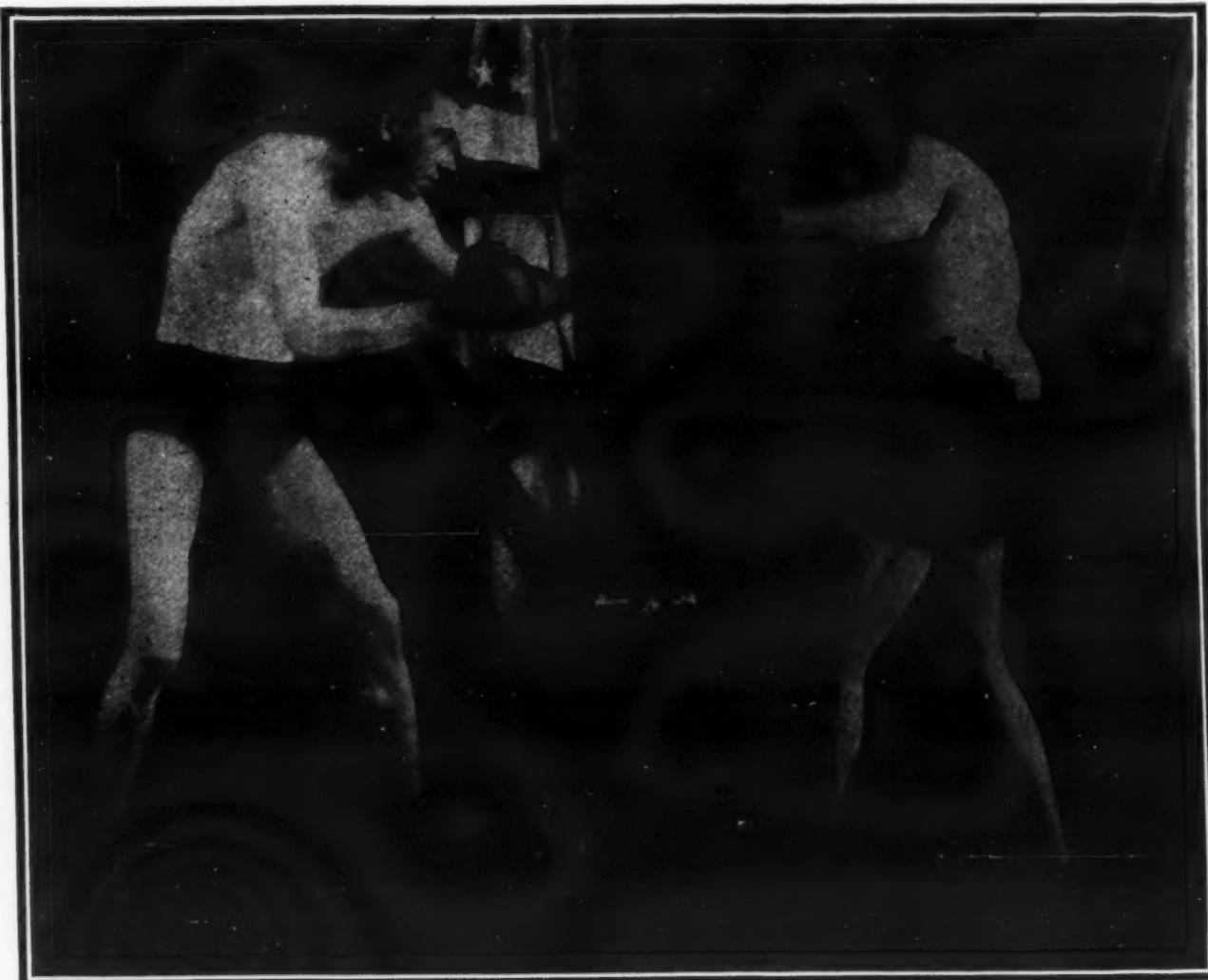
GETTING READY FOR LUNCH.

FILIPINOS CUTTING A DOG'S THROAT PREPARATORY TO MAKING THEIR FAVORITE DISH—A CANINE STEW.



JOHN M'GUIER.

A BRAINERD, MINN., SPORTING MAN AND HIS TWO GREAT DOGS.



BILLY SPEED AND KID BENNETT.

TWO CLEVER WESTERN BOXERS AT WORK--SPEED, WHO IS IN OMAHA, NEB., CHALLENGES ANYONE AT WEIGHT OF 142 POUNDS.

A HORSE RACE IN A FOG

RATHER UNUSUAL

AND THE LIFE SAVER WON

How Juggler, the Thoroughbred, Once Staked One of His Admirers to a Fresh Bank Roll.

COULDN'T DISTINGUISH COLORS AFTER THE START

The Mob Got a Tip That Was Supposed to be the Real Thing, But it Didn't Seem to Work Out Right.

The bunch were at the Sheepshead Bay track, and Harry Payne Whitney's Juggler came romping home with the money.

"Juggler," remarked the sport, "He ought to be called Juggler No. 2. Don't you fellows remember the other Juggler of fifteen years ago?"

"He was a bay horse, the son of Jim Johnson and Avoca. J. K. Lane owned him most of his life."

"Juggler never raced as a two-year-old, but the next year—it was 1888—he came out and won five races. As a four-year-old he won eight races, and as a five-year-old he was first in ten races."

"He wouldn't train the following year, but in 1892, when he was seven years old, he won seventeen races. His last year on the turf was in 1893, when he won three races. That's forty-three in all, and maybe I skipped some."

"Juggler was raced at Guttenburg, Gloucester, Clifton and other tracks about here. His name was as familiar to the regulars as was the name of Rambler, who won so many races for Gene Leigh."

"Juggler was willing to race every day or twice a day if he was asked, and it was not uncommon for him to win four races a week. He loved to work. He was always at a good price—8 to 5 or 3 to 1—and all tracks and all distances above six furlongs looked alike to him."

"He was a stretch runner of the Advance Guard type and never cared much whether he had a good boy on his back or not. He ran a dead heat with Young Duke in '89 and beat the life out of that horse in the run off. Of course, Juggler wasn't what you'd call a stakes horse, but he could pick up 112 pounds and trim most of the platters at the Jersey merry-go-rounds."

"The day for which I have most cause to remember Juggler was a day when I didn't see him run. I was in

wait for this particular race with \$25 and a pawn ticket in my pocket.

"Presently up came a sport that I knew in New York and who wanted to know how, what and who I was doing. I explained that I was lingering to make a bet on Juggler."

"It's lucky that I saw you," he said. "There's nothing doing on Juggler to-day. I've come on here from Cleveland just to play that race."

"Then he told me that a horseman that he knew had put Red Stick (or some such name) into the race and that Red Stick was the candy. He couldn't lose."

"He was better than Juggler anyway, he said, and besides, he had the tip that Juggler was to be in the cooler for this particular race. There was a mob in the room, with a ton of coins to bet on Red Stick."

"That story didn't cheer me. I had never heard of Red Stick, while Juggler had never played me false. Yet I figured that I might be silly to play Juggler after the warning and perhaps more silly not to have a bet on Red Stick."

"The earlier races were run at the Gut, and as they progressed the operator kept announcing that the fog was getting thicker and thicker and it was hard to call the horses correctly on the backstretch."

"At last my race came up and Juggler was posted as favorite at 7 to 5. Red Stick was 5 to 1, and the bunch with the tip besieged the window. Nobody bet a nickel on Juggler."

"The play on Red Stick beat his price down until finally he was the poolroom favorite at 8 to 5, and Juggler's odds slowly ascended until there was 4 to 1 against him. I couldn't stand it to see my old friend abused that way and I went to the window and bet the \$25 to win."

"The man with the tip heard me make the bet and promptly called me an idiot and other choice names. I would be pretty sick after the race, he promised."

"They're off," sang the operator. "Red Stick in front, So and So second, Bag o' Bones third."

"There you are!" said the man with the tip, nudging me. "I guess that stater had a little bet down, eh? Maybe you'll listen to me some other time."

"Juggler," said the operator, "is left at the post."

"Ain't you the wise fellow!" said my comforter. " Didn't I give it to you strong enough to show you that Juggler was deadened?"

"I started for the door. I didn't want to hear that Red Stick mob give the rebel yell at the finish. I had ideas about taking it off the bridge."

"The fog's worse and worse, boys," said the operator. "They can't tell one color from another at the first turn."

"I didn't care much whether they ever could tell a color again. I stopped at the door to get some gum out of a machine."

"They're at the half, men," said the operator, "and some piece of cheese is out in front by six lengths, but there's no telling who it is."

"It's Red Stick!" yelled the tip mob. "He's the one."

"The same animal is at the three-quarters, still six lengths," sang the operator.

"I was wondering whether I would die on apples or peanuts and rapidly coming to the conclusion that peanuts were more nutritious."

"They're in the stretch at the Gut," called the operator, who had a most exasperating drawl. "Can't see the colors yet, but that same nag is in front and he ain't backing up a foot. I'll get his name for you right off."

"I was wishing there was a fog in Covington and that I could disappear in it before I could hear the Red Stick roar. Everything in the poolroom got very still and then I heard the tick that every old room player knows, for they always spell out the winner on the wire before they give his name."

"The winner," drawled the operator, "is J-u-g-g-l-e-r, and he wins by eight lengths, away back in his boy's lap. He was left, all right, but he hurried and caught up at the first turn. Red Stick is second and Bag o' Bones is third."

"And then, of course, I began to wonder how anyone could expect to sustain life with such cheap food as peanuts."

JEANETTE A COMER.

Joe Jeanette, the husky colored boxer of New York City, is keeping up his good work in the ring, his latest being to put four men out in two days. His manager, Armstrong, says he will soon have his man ready to go up against some of the big ones. Here is the story from Wilmington, Del., of the fight on Oct. 11:

One of the hardest fights ever seen at the Wilmington Casino was the windup between Joe Jeanette and Black Bill, of Merchantville, N. J. After a terrific bat-

BILLY BANNARD,

That great football player, of Princeton, has written a book on the game for Fox's Athletic Library. There is nothing as good published. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra. Write for it immediately. Edition limited.

tie Black Bill was knocked out in the seventh of what was to have been a ten-round combat.

In the second Bill got a blow on the jaw which knocked him down and seemed to take the steam out of him. He rallied and showed strong in the third. The men fought well until the seventh, when another blow put Bill through the ropes. He came up again, and was floored three times in succession, the last blow putting him out.

DESHLER BEAT MARTIN.

Dave Deshler, of Cambridge, got the decision over Terry Martin, of Philadelphia, after fifteen rounds of very tame fighting at the athletic club in Thornton, R. I., on Oct. 11. Knockouts were furnished for the rather small crowd in the two minor bouts.

Deshler, who was at a decided disadvantage in height and reach, did practically all the leading and proved himself by long odds the clever boxer. The Cambridge boy fought all around Martin, who was very awkward in the last three or four rounds.

Kid Sheehan, of Springfield, knocked out Harry St. Ours, of Fall River, in the second round, and another clean knockout was scored by Jack Murphy, a local lad, over Jack Grace, of Fall River, after less than one minute of fighting.

BUSY UNK.

Unk Russell, one of the busiest boxers in the Quaker City, met Kid Locke in the customary six-round argument at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Oct. 12. Russell was taller, heavier and had a longer reach than Locke. Locke had a bad wrist and could not use his right hand to good advantage. In the second round Russell opened an old cut over Locke's eye, and it bled freely. In the third Locke started the claret from Russell's nose with a left jab. Locke was pretty tired in the fourth and fifth rounds, but he made a good rally in the sixth, and made Russell hustle to beat him.

The best bout of the night was the semi-windup, between Jimmy Simister and Abe Herman, of which Simister had the advantage.

The Ace of Clubs beat Jack Murphy; Duck Lincoln beat Harry Tracy, and Thomas Downes, of Georgia, beat Jack Dorner. In addition to the regular program there was a battle royal between twelve colored men, which seemed to please the big crowd of spectators.

Read About GAY NEW YORK BY NIGHT By Ike Swift.

The first story begins next week.
Subscribe (\$1.00 for 13 weeks)
and get them all.

FARMER AND THOMPSON DRAW.

John Thompson and Kid Farmer were the principals in a ten round bout, at the Riverside A. C., at Peoria, Ill., on Oct. 12.

Thompson had a big advantage in weight, but Farmer displayed more cleverness. Both agreed that the battle should be declared a draw if it went the round limit.

In the preliminaries Jack Tammen knocked out the Milwaukee Kid in two rounds.

NEW YORKER LOST.

With a left-hand smash in the stomach Matty Baldwin, of Charlestown, Mass., put away Sammy Myers, of New York, in the sixth round, at the Douglas A. C., Chelsea, Mass., on Oct. 13.

Before the bout started Myers was a 5 to 4 favorite, and the way he started off gave his supporters a lot of confidence. He began to force the milling, and he got home a few good lefts and rights on Baldwin's head and face, while the latter directed his blows to the body.

In the second round Baldwin met Myers' rushes with rights under the heart, and at close quarters he beat a tattoo on Sammy's kidneys and ribs. Myers, who had a dangerous right, tried many times to get it home, but Baldwin caught every one of the blows on the back of the head. A left jab was the best blow of Myers landed.

After that round there was nothing to it but Baldwin. He punched Myers about the ring with left jabs and right smashes on the body and face. Myers gradually weakened under the punishment, and in the fifth round, Baldwin put him to the mat for the count.

RYAN HART'S MANAGER.

Tommy Ryan will now look after the managerial affairs of Marvin Hart for at least a year, and the foxy Tommy will also train Hart. With the hiring of Ryan comes the firing of Jack McCormick, for two years trainer of the marvelous one. Hart said he hated to do it, but he felt that Mac could not give him that scientific training necessary to the successful pugilist.

Tommy Ryan recommends that all aspiring pugilists, both professional and amateur, procure a copy of No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library, and study it thoroughly. Send thirteen cents in stamps to the POLICE GAZETTE office for it.

EIGHT ROUNDS ENOUGH.

Kid Barrish, of Boston, put up a stubborn fight for six rounds, at Portland, Me., on Oct. 12, and then fell a victim to the superior skill of Al Delmont, of Medford, Mass. The fight offered little or no choice for five rounds, save that Delmont was the cooler man and was fighting in cleaner style. In the sixth round Delmont landed several stiff blows on the Kid's face, sending the Boston boy to his corner dazed. Delmont went into the fight in the seventh round with the plain intention of scoring a knockout. The blows fell thick and fast upon Barrish, and, foreseeing the end his manager wanted to throw up the sponge. Referee Stuart insisted that the bout should continue, and Barrish finished the round by taking advantage of nearly the full count several times.

It was with manifest reluctance that he came to the centre of the ring when the eighth round was called. A left jab opened a gash over his left eye, and a powerful right near the heart sent him to the floor. With blood streaming from his face he arose on one knee and exclaimed, "It's no use; I'm all in."

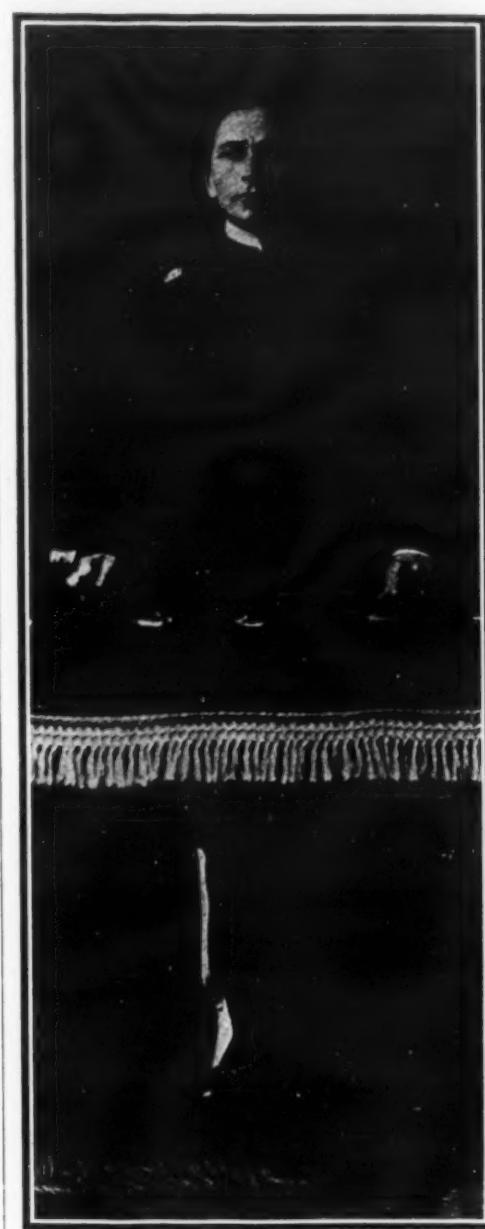
CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Young Renny, of Chicago, Ill., wants to meet any 133-pounder.

Prof. Joseph E. Martin, of Concord, N. C., will box any welterweight in the State.

John A. Emmett, of Drain, Oregon, who claims the title of champion one-legged pugilist of the



JAMES SIMPSON.

The World's Greatest Drum and Xylophone Expert who issues a Challenge to any Musician to Meet Him in a Contest.

United States, wants to meet Peg McCall in a contest, and will cover any forfeit that McCall may put up with the POLICE GAZETTE.

Harry Edels, of Philadelphia, bars no boxer in the world at 133 pounds, not even Battling Nelson.

Joe Phillips, 2607 Princeton avenue, Chicago, Ill., challenges any boxer in the Middle West at 122 pounds.

Albert Young, 17 East Eighty-sixth street, New York City, will wrestle any lightweight who wants to take him on.

A. McCraw, of 183 St. Johns street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will match Young Scotty against any 125-pound boy in the East.

Billy Reynolds, who looks after the interests of Dave Holly, has issued a delf for Holly to box Harry Lewis or Young Erne at 133 pounds.

Dan McFadden, of Philadelphia, has returned from the West, and would like to meet any 105-pound boy in that city.—Ralph Wagner, Manager.

Young Sharkey, a 115-pound wrestler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is looking for a match with any at the weight, bar none. He can be found at 12 Cooper street.

Michael Burke, a crack handball player, of Yonkers, has many admirers in that section of New York State who will back him to meet any in a series of games.

Willie Gibbs, the little Philadelphia boxer, is out with a challenge to Digger Stanley, Jimmy Walsh, Tommy O'Toole, Owen Moran or any 112-116-pound man in the world.

Kid Casey, of Philadelphia, is in fine condition and would like to meet any 105-pound boy in the city. Young Ford, Jimmy Toland, Jimmy Livingston or Freddy Malone preferred.

The Teamsters' Tug of War Team, of Hartford, Conn., composed of four men, are seeking a match for a purse, and can be addressed in care of Benjamin P. Woodward, 60 Madison street, Hartford, Conn.

TO PLAY FOOTBALL

Right you should have Billy Bannard's book on the game. No. 14 of Fox's Athletic Library. He's the great Princeton player, and what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

W. QUEISSER.

A Crack Baseball Player of New York, and He is a First Class All-around Athlete.

Cincinnati and almost broke. I needed enough money to pay my hotel bill and buy a ticket for New York, and the only thing I had was a diamond ring, pawned for \$25.

"That wouldn't pay the hotel bill. I looked over the Eastern entries that morning and saw that Juggler was in with a bunch of lobsters. I figured that I might get even money against him and that an additional \$25 would help me some, so I went over to Covington, where the poorrooms bloom always, and sat down to

ELEGANT FREE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK....BEAUTIFUL MAUD LILLIAN BERRI....ORDER IN ADVANCE

A BOLD TRAIN HOLDUP

—CLEVERLY WORKED—

WHICH NETTED \$80,000

Shipped to a Slick Confederate, Who Told The Agent it Was "a Box From Home."

THE ROBBERS WERE NEVER EVEN SIGHTED.

Rather an Unusual Way For Thieves to Work, But in This Case it Was Successful and Deceived All the Officials.

"There was probably never such another lot of cut-throats and desperate men gathered together in one bunch in any part of the world as those who followed the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad westward through Texas," remarked Jesse Fry, travelling freight



JOHN E. CRANE.

The Trick Bicyclist on Tour with "A Jolly American Tramp," and He issues a Defi to Any Crack Rider in the Business.

agent of the Iron Mountain recently. Mr. Fry was with the passenger department of the old Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad, now a part of the Southern Pacific, in those days and to him fell the duty of opening up the new stations at the end of the line as construction progressed.

"I have read of the poker games and gun plays that used to occur in Dodge and Abilene and other frontier towns, but none of them was a patching to incidents that were of almost nightly occurrence in the construction camps at the end of the line," he continued. "You see, the riff-raff of Mexico and the United States was gathered along the Rio Grande border in those days. The officers of the law made slight pretense of regulating affairs.

"The hunted outlaws who had fled to the remote canons bordering the Rio Grande came out of their hiding and ran things with a high hand in the railroad camps. None of the railroad employees expected to do any better than make both ends meet from month to month and from day to day. I know that in my own case I would no sooner get my monthly pay than I would sit in a poker game with some of the cut-throats. It made little matter whether I won or lost money. If I got up from the game with money in my pocket it would be gone before morning. The thieves were so bold about it that they would rob you no matter what precaution you took. It was a motley crowd.

"I had a remarkable experience at Dryden, a new station at the end of the line, which I had just opened up. One morning a handsomely dressed fellow entered the little shack which I was using for telegraph office

and station. He introduced himself to me by some name which I do not now remember, and told me that he was going over into Mexico on a mining prospecting trip, but that he would have to wait at Dryden until a box of some kind of supplies which he needed showed up.

"He was a well educated, quiet and reserved sort of fellow and seemed quite out of place in that rough community. I took quite a fancy to him, and there being no such thing as hotel accommodations at the front, I invited the stranger to share my bunk in the little station building. He spent much time with me during the first few days and we got along famously together. It did not take long for me to discover, however, that he was not the tenderfoot that I took him to be. We ran up against some of the tough men of the camp in the course of our nightly prowlings, and he held his own with the best of them when they undertook to dress him down in games of poker.

"He had been at Dryden about a week, and seemed to be getting anxious about getting off on his prospecting trip. He said that his health was not the best, and he thought that a year or so of roughing it in the mountains of Mexico would do him good. He made a few casual inquiries from day to day as to the arrival of the box for which he was waiting. The long expected box came out on the mixed passenger train from San Antonio one evening. It was dumped off with a lot of other express matter, and it almost escaped my eye until I saw the name of the stranger written across it. I took it into the office and pitched it over on a lot of other goods.

"That box came for you this evening," I said to the stranger when he came in after supper.

"That so?" he said, without much show of interest.

"Do you want to sign for it now, or will you wait until morning?" I asked.

"Oh, to-morrow will be time enough," he answered. "Just let it stay where it is until I get ready to go."

"He sat up late with me that night, and we talked of different things.

"I will have to leave you," he said when we had turned in and were lying together on the wide bunk, "but I must be getting away from here to-morrow. This is too tough a place for me. I want to get out into the solitudes of the mountains."

"Next morning the stranger got up early, and the sun was still low in the East when he rode up on a good horse. To the saddle was strapped a big supply of provisions and a blanket. He left the horse standing at the door of the station while he came in and told me that he was now ready for the box that had come the evening before. He signed for the box and when I handed it to him I observed the light that kindled in his eyes as he gave it a quick inspection.

"It is just a few things from back home," he explained. "It does a fellow good to get something from home when he is way out in this God-forsaken country."

"He strapped the box to the saddle and gave me a warm good-bye, not forgetting to thank me for the kindness that I had shown him."

"Dryden is within a hundred yards or so of the Rio Grande, which was easily fordable at that point at that time of the year. The last I saw of my visitor was when his horse was climbing the bank of the Mexican side of the river and turned into a canon that led down on that side of the stream. The fellow turned in his saddle and waved me a farewell with his big sombrero. "I was sitting at my telegraph instrument the next evening when I received the following telegram from St. Louis, Mo.:

"Hold box shipped by express, covered by way bill No. 347."

"That was the identical box which had come addressed to the stranger and which he had taken with him into Mexico. I wired a reply that the box had already been signed for and taken out of the office. Three days later a man got off the train at Dryden and introduced himself to me as the chief of detectives for the express company which operated on one of the roads running out of St. Louis. He informed me that the box which had come to the stranger and which had been carried off by him contained \$80,000. This money had been stolen from the express company a few miles out of St. Louis and was shipped by the robber to his confederate, who was waiting at Dryden to make off with it.

"The robbery, which many people will recall, was boldly done. It was in 1883 that it occurred. A young,

man boarded an express car in St. Louis and handed the messenger a note, purporting to be signed by the superintendent, stating that the bearer thereof was to be instructed in the duties of route agent and was to accompany him on his run. The messenger accepted the note as genuine and gave the stranger the best treatment he had in the shop. A few miles out of St. Louis

TO WIN AT POKER
Is easy if you have a copy of *Poker; How to Win*. It contains many valuable tips, useful to all who like the game. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

while the messenger was showing the stranger how the money was carried and had his back turned to him he was struck a blow over the head with some heavy instrument and knocked into unconsciousness. The pseudo route agent helped himself to the contents of the safe and quietly dropped off the car at the next stop. He made off before the robbery was discovered.

"The robber went back to St. Louis, where he exchanged the money for larger bills, and placing the wealth in a box, he shipped it all to his confederate in the remote Texas town. Detectives discovered that the money had been shipped to Dryden, but they were a day too late to catch my erstwhile guest. Neither robber was ever captured. It is supposed that the man who actually committed the crime joined the confederate in Mexico. Officers went on the trail of the man who left Dryden with the box of money, and for several weeks hunted for him through the mountains of northern Mexico, but they never got the slightest trace of him.

"You see, the Santa Rosa Mountains are situated close to the border, and the stranger had but a short distance to travel before reaching their almost impenetrable canons and caves. You may guess that there was excitement among the outlaw element at the end of the line, when they discovered that a package of \$80,000 in money had been in their midst without their getting a chance to lay their hands on it."

NEW PACING RECORD.

Dan Patch, king of pacers, clapped $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second from his own, the world's, record, 1:56, negotiating the mile in 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$, at Lexington, Ky., on Oct. 7.

The track was lightning fast and there was no wind, and the weather conditions were ideal. Scott Hudson was behind the pacemaker. A strip of cloth between the wheels of the forward sulky to prevent dirt being thrown behind was the only suggestion of a wind shield. Hersey was behind Dan Patch.

A Good Thing.

GAY NEW YORK BY NIGHT
By Ike Swift.

The first of the series begins next week. Don't miss it.

GEORGIA AGAIN IN LINE.

Boxing may be resumed in Savannah, shortly, and during the Winter should be a paying proposition.

A WALKING STUNT.

A remarkable walking feat was recently concluded in the grounds of the Ardwick Athletic Club at Manchester, England. William Buckler, a man of 57 years of age, performed the amazing task of walking 2,028 miles and 720 yards in 1,000 consecutive hours, beating his own former record of 2,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, made last June, at Leeds. Buckler was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, on December 17, 1848, and has to his credit the biggest list of long distance tramping records of any man ever born.

He has a remarkable career. At the age of 12 he became a cabin boy on a ship and stuck to the seafaring life for twenty-six years. His introduction to athletics began in 1872, when he was matched against "Shoni Shoni" Evans for 200 yards; the stake being £20 a side, and, although Evans had an unbeaten record, Buckler won by seven yards.

Buckler knew a thing or two about scrapping, and in a fierce fight with bare knuckles which lasted an hour and a half he won from "Shoni Pon" Flink. A trip to America took his attention next, and at Three Rivers, Canada, he was matched in an egg gathering race against Kabookar, a French Canadian. Buckler won and a little while later defeated an Indian named Crawford in a ten-mile race for \$400. At New Orleans, in 1880, Buckler was matched against Martin Ryan in a seven-day go-as-you-please race for \$500 a side. Ryan quit after three days, the pace set being too hot.

After that Buckler turned his attention to road walking. He tramped from Newport to Cardiff and covered fifty miles per day, walking twelve hours for six consecutive days. In 1885 he secured second prize in a six-day go-as-you-please race at Birmingham, and in a special match in a week's walk against E. Thomas at Albert Hall, Newport, Buckler won, the prize being £100. Soon after he backed himself to walk 500 miles in a week, and he won by covering 506 miles. At Bristol, in 1892, Buckler walked fifty-three miles a day for six consecutive days, the tramping time being restricted to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

In 1896, at Swansea Buckler attacked William Gates' world's record and tramped 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Two years later at Hunslet he improved on this feat by reducing the walking period to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes and still later, at Black Bull grounds, Leeds, walked 4,000 quarter miles in periods of 9 minutes flat. It was the most grueling feat of his career, as he several times lost his mental balance. But he kept on to the end and as a reward was given a gold medal valued at thirty guineas as a souvenir of this historic feat.

In 1903 at Wigan Buckler failed to cover a mile and a half and 50 yards in 1,000 consecutive hours and tried the same feat again in July, 1904, another failure being the result. He made a third attempt in September and was successful. A crowd of 8,000 persons gathered the last night to see him. Confident he could make a big improvement on this record Buckler moved the mark up to 2,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours last July. With the object of again setting up new figures Buckler began his latest task on August 1 last and improved the record to 2,028 miles and 720 yards.

IN THE BOXING WORLD.

Jack Jeffries is anxious to meet Al Kaufman, conqueror of Harry Foy.

District Attorney McGovern says he will not interfere with boxing shows in Milwaukee.

Pedlar Palmer, the English boxer, scored a victory over Cockney Cohen in 15 rounds at London recently.

Both Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson are on the road giving exhibitions and working their way East.

Jimmy Kelly, the New York lightweight boxer, may be matched to meet Jimmy Gardner on the Coast.

Young Corbett is now residing in Philadelphia, where he will shortly engage in a few six-round bouts.

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, has openly declared that he is in favor of six-round bouts before incorporated clubs.

Mike Schreck, the Cincinnati light-heavyweight, has received an offer to box Al Kaufman in San Francisco.

Harry Tenny will probably be matched to meet Jimmy Walsh, the crack New England bantam, in a few weeks.

Kid Jessel, of Buffalo, N. Y., was knocked out in two rounds recently, at Lockport, N. Y., by Willie O'Donnell.

It is rumored that George Siler, the Chicago sporting writer and referee, will soon look after Battling Nelson's interests.

The Chicago authorities have limited the boxing clubs in that city to three, and they will not tolerate any one-man club.

Battling Nelson says the engagements he has contracted for will net him \$35,000, and he is going to fill them before he fights again.

The pictures of the Britt-Nelson fight were shown before thousands in New York, and many were turned away at each performance.

Buddy Bishop has a new heavyweight under his management named Sam Spaulding, who hails from Michigan, and is as big as Jeffries.

Jack Johnson, the negro champion heavyweight, has offered to give \$1,000 to charity if Marvin Hart accepts his challenge for a return fight.

Young Corbett refused to make weight to meet Mike Ward, and insisted that Ward weigh in at 133 pounds, which the Sarnia man refused to do.

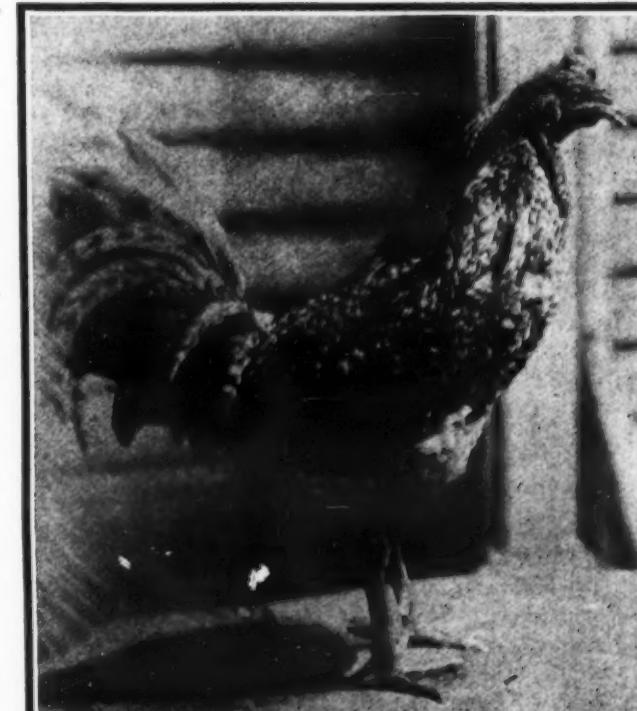
Rube Ferno says that he broke his right hand in the third round in his recent battle in Kansas City and that was the reason he was compelled to stop. He may come East again.

Johnny Reid, the pugilistic manager, has attached a new heavyweight to his string, in Jack McLean, the star backstop and hitter of the Portland, Oregon, baseball team.

The Douglas A. C., of Chelsea, Mass., announces that two boxing entertainments will be held weekly in the future, at popular prices. The club is now under new management.

Young Dempsey recently knocked out Eddie Toy at the Stock Yards A. C., Denver, Colo. Dempsey did all the leading and had the best of every round except the seventh. In the eighth round Toy went down from a left to the jaw and was counted out.

Tommy Lowe, of Washington, D. C., bested Jack O'Neill in the windup at the Washington Sporting Club, at Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 9. For the



A FEATHERED FIGHTER.

A splendid specimen of the Cuban Dominique, bred by L. D. Shortslie and handled by John N. St. John of the Eureka Hotel, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

first four rounds the going was pretty even. O'Neill holding his own against the cleverness of the Washington lad by his rushing tactics.

MONEY COMES EASY
When you play poker if you will study the game. Get a copy of *Poker; How to Win*, that's all. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

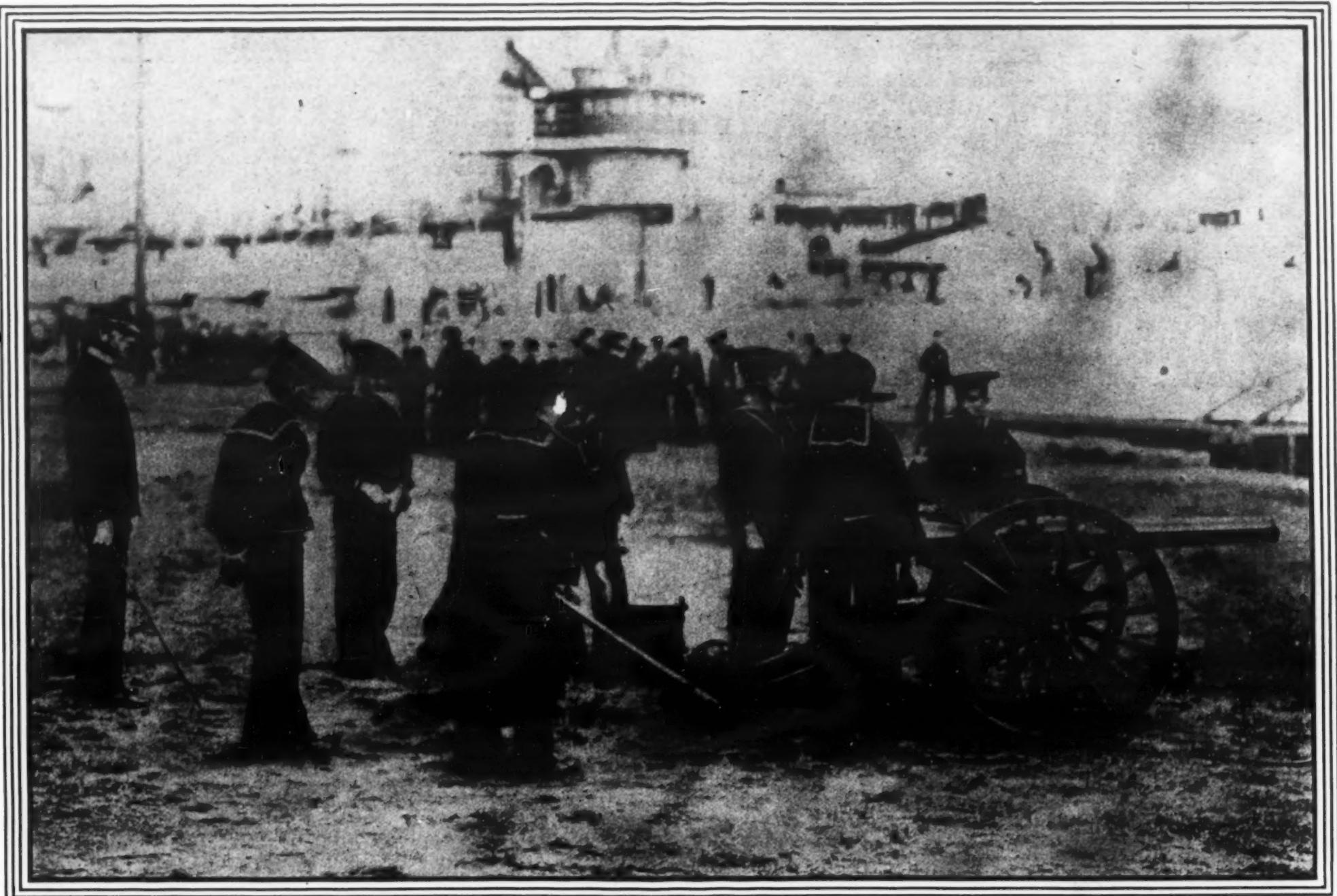


Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington D. C.

TRAINING THE JACKIES.

A LITTLE GUN PRACTICE FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE, WHO, AS MAY BE SEEN BY THE ILLUSTRATION, DON'T DO ALL THEIR WORK ON SHIPBOARD.

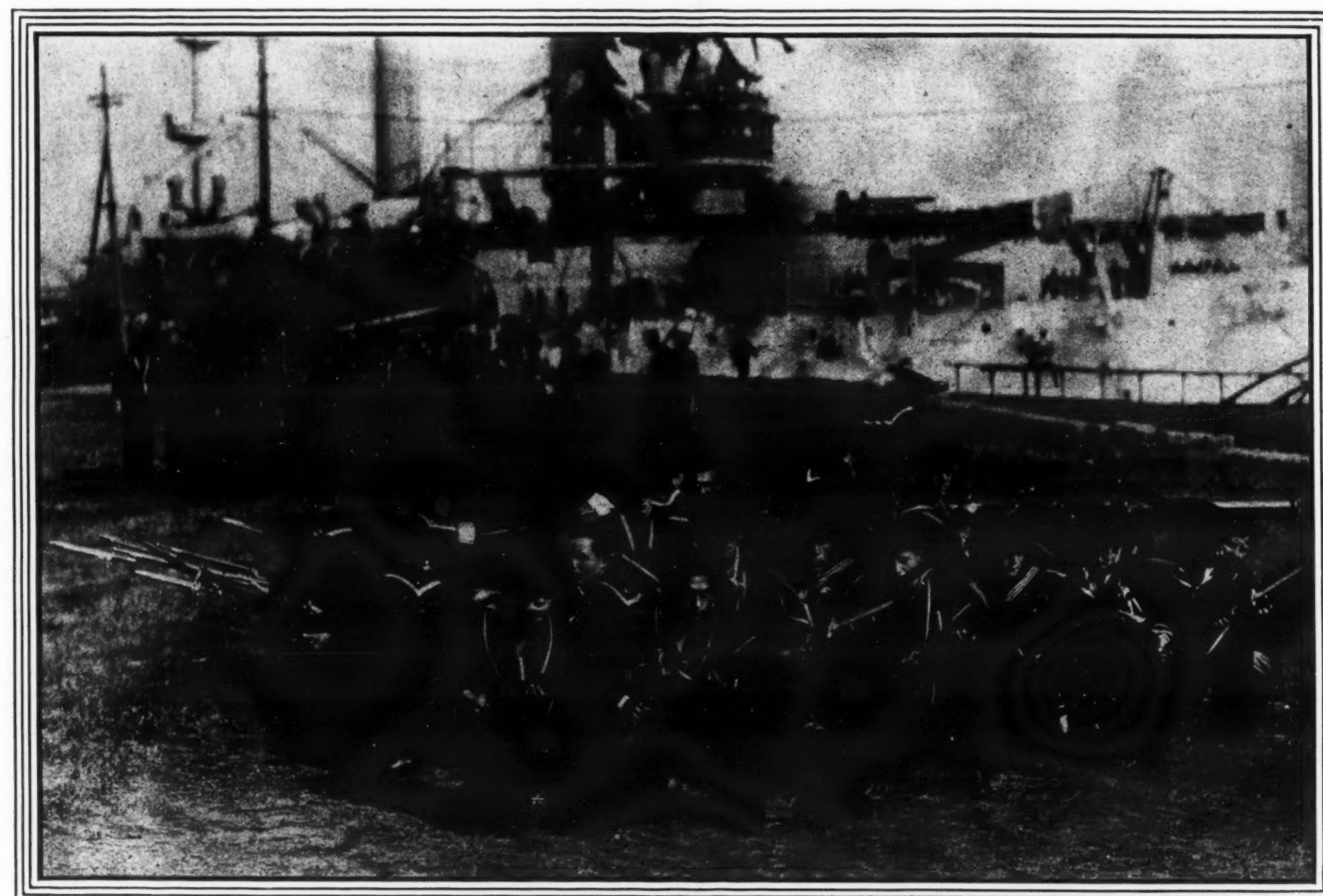


Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington D. C.

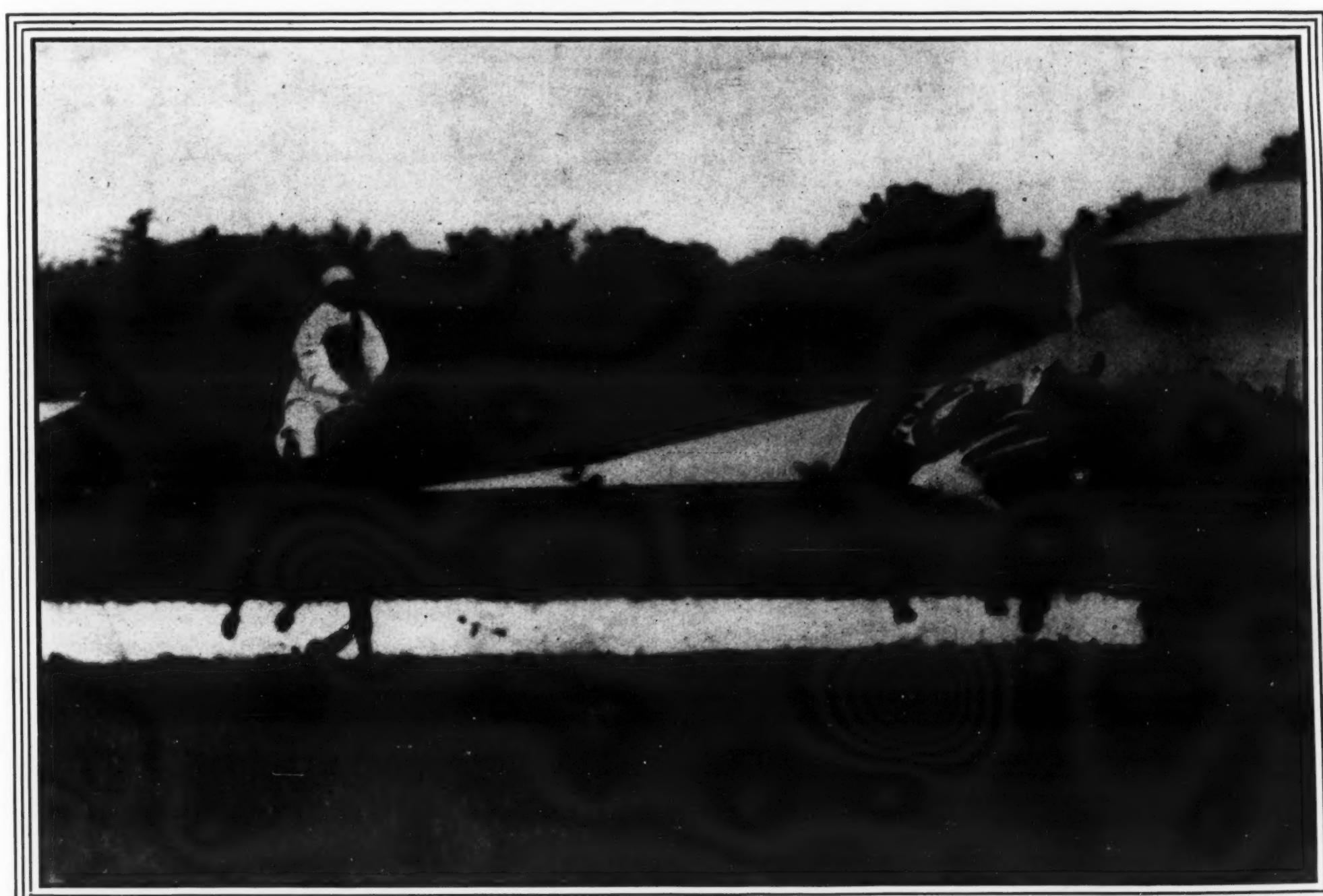
HERE IS THE RIOT DRILL.

THIS WOULD BE A NICE BUNCH TO RUN UP AGAINST IF YOU WERE INCLINED TO BE LOOKING FOR ANY KIND OF TROUBLE--NOTE THE BIG GUN, TOO.



COMING DOWN THE STRETCH.

A GOOD RACE IN WHICH THERE IS A CHANCE FOR ANY ONE OF FIVE HORSES TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE FIRST AND BRING HOME THE MONEY.



A STEEPELCHASE TUMBLE.

THE REMARKABLE PICTURE OF MR. BAKER BEING THROWN FROM HIS MOUNT AT THE WATER JUMP--THE HORSE SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT.

ASPIRING CHAMPIONS

—FRISCO EX-AMATEUR MAY WEAR THE TITLE—

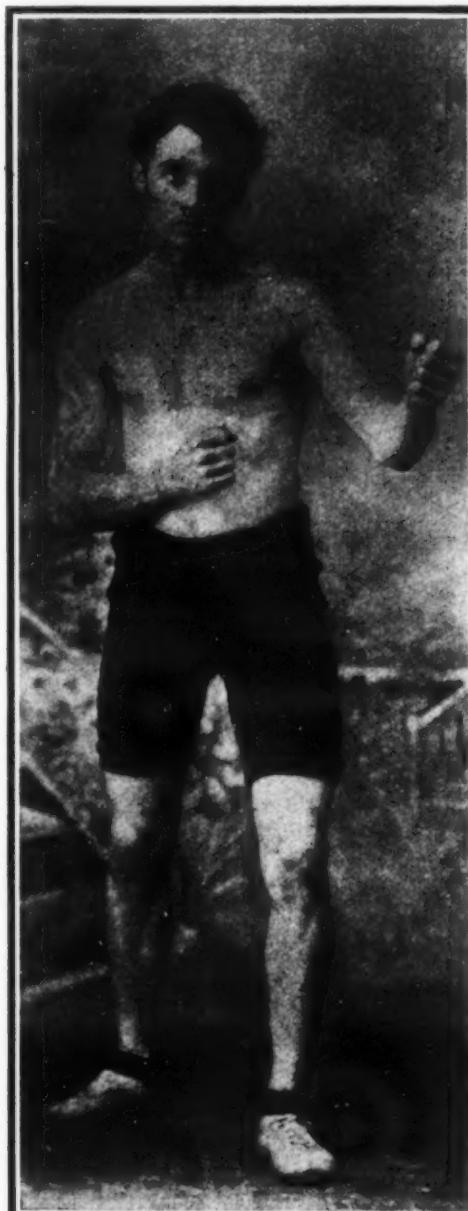
AFTER AL KAUFFMAN

Hart and Gardner Want Him for an Opponent in a Battle for High Ring Honors.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON FOOTBALL VS. BOXING.

Billy Nolan's Windy Disclosures May End Boxing in California—Siler to be Battling Nelson's Manager—Fight Pictures are Great—Gossip.

Although Al Kauffman has as yet done nothing to inspire confidence in his ability to win the title of heavyweight champion, yet he is the man of the hour in the pugilistic world, and as "all roads lead to Rome" so also do the aspirations of all prospective



YOUNG SCOTTY.

He is Known as the Fighting Conductor of Brooklyn, and Challenges at 125 pounds.

champions lean toward an opportunity to fight the big California ex-athlete, who, Billy Delaney says, is the inevitable successor of the marvelous Jeffries. From Louisville comes the pleasing information that nothing would satisfy Marvin Hart better than to take on Kauffman at an early date, provided the proposed match between him and Fitzsimmons fails to materialize. Hart issued a statement in which he says: "I have boxed with Kauffman, and nothing would suit me better than to get a crack at him. All this talk about his being a one-round finisher cuts no figure with me. He can't whip me, that's sure. I think a fight between Kauffman and myself would draw a great house. I am in splendid condition and am eager to begin fighting."

Coincident with Hart's announcement comes the news that George Gardner, former light heavyweight champion of the world, is out with an offer to fight Kauffman. He does not stop there, but says he would like to secure another meeting with Marvin Hart, claimant of the heavyweight championship. Gardner says he is prepared to offer either of these men a substantial side bet if desired.

Then, also John Wille must not be left out of consideration, for in the shuffle for dates in 'Frisco, Alex Greggains, who succeeded in getting one for Oct. 31, has matched the former to fight Kauffman on that date. Wille will be a good test for the 'Frisco amateur's fighting ability, for he has demonstrated that he is a pugilist whom the best of them can ill afford to trifle with. Wille was matched to fight Gus Rutlin, at Salt Lake City, but the prosecuting attorney would not permit the fight to take place. John is a strong, rushing fighter, and if Al can trim him as easily as he did Foley, he will be a stronger candidate for the heavyweight championship than he is at the present time.

Although young and still growing, Kauffman is solidly put together and very powerful. He has served an

apprenticeship to the blacksmith business, and has, therefore, had good opportunities of developing muscle and storing up strength. In his measurements, which are given below, it will be noticed that his right arm is bigger than his left. The same peculiarity exists in Fitzsimmons' case and it is due to much use of the blacksmith's hammer. The following measurements of Kauffman were taken last December about the time he boxed Hart: Height, 6 feet, 1 inch; weight, 190 pounds; reach, 75 inches; chest normal, 38½ inches; expanded, 42½ inches; waist, 31½ inches; thigh, 22½ inches; calf, 15½ inches; neck, 17 inches; left biceps, 14½ inches; left forearm, 12½ inches; right biceps, 14½ inches; right forearm, 12½ inches; left ankle, 11 inches; right ankle, 11 inches.

When President Roosevelt was a New York Police Commissioner, he was a frequent spectator at the boxing bouts at the Broadway A. C., saw many knockouts and never manifested any uneasiness about the game; in fact, he was, and is to-day, an ardent admirer of it and is himself a proficient expert in scientific boxing, but he is strongly opposed to football as it is played to-day, and has urged the factors who control the sport in the colleges, to make such changes in the rules as may be necessary to eliminate the dangers which now exist from too strenuous playing. This is an old story with us, for with each recurring season I have made a comparison between brutal football and boxing, just to show how radically wrong are the legislative Solomons who have made boxing illegal, while apparently ignoring a game in which the element of brutality is ten times greater. What most observers regard as brutality in football as it is now played, is just the thing which cannot be eliminated, while that which might be and assuredly ought to be abolished by the application of the most stringent rules is seldom noted by ordinary spectators, is winked at by the field officials and is generally esteemed by college opinion as venial.

The American game of football cannot be played without great roughness. Four men, one of them carrying the ball, hurl themselves at top speed against a line of opposing players. Their formation is such that they strike like a battering ram against the person of a single man in the opposing line. The purpose is to knock him over and go past him so as to advance the ball an appreciable distance. That the rush line players of the side having the ball endeavor to push the men of the opposing rush line aside, and thus make an opening for the runner, does not obliterate the fact that some one gets hit, and hit hard, by the human projectile.

Often one is temporarily knocked out. He lies unconscious or writhing on the gridiron. The public mutters brutality, and to the casual observer that is what it looks like. Again the man carrying the ball gets away for a long run. A player of the opposing side tackles and throws him. Frequently one or both of them is knocked senseless by the tackle. That is another exhibition of what is generally condemned as brutality.

But without these features football cannot be played. They are part and parcel of the game. It would hardly be going too far to say that they are the game. They are not brutal, any more than knocking a man out by a scientific blow on the point of jaw is brutal. The men who are thus battered and thrown are trained to such work, and statistics show that they seldom suffer permanent or serious injury. The players badly hurt on the football field are nearly always either unskilled or physically unfit.

On the other hand the game of football is marred by such unmanly practices as intentional trampling on hands and feet, thumping the center rush under the chin with a vigorous knee, prodding opponents with elbows, and other unfair tricks, all intended to disable some good player and get him off the field and get some inferior man substituted for him.

College men know that these things are done, and instead of crushing them under the irresistible weight of condemnatory public opinion, they pass them with a smile as long as they work for the benefit of "our" team and help "us" beat the other fellows. If President Roosevelt can induce college men to view this sort of thing as other people view it, he will be the most potent of all agents in putting an end to what is the real brutality in football.

If somebody doesn't put a muzzle on one

Billy Nolan, who recently managed Battling Nelson, the boxing game in California, will soon be a thing of the past. As a result of disclosures made by Nolan, Nelson's manager, to District Attorney Seymour and the grand jury of Sacramento County, the attorney is satisfied he has a strong case against the producers of the fund used to kill the Ralston anti-prize fight bill at the last session of the Legislature and will keep the grand jury in session at Sacramento until he has sifted the matter to the bottom. This is independent of the threatened disclosures of Fayette Mitchelltree, Assemblyman from Palo Alto, who claims to have inside information about the money used to kill the bill.

Nolan told the grand jury he had been told by Harry Corbett that \$1,000 would be held out of Nelson's forfeit money as his assessment for the fund used for protecting prize fight interests in the Legislature. Nolan declared that when Corbett first proposed to him to contribute to this fund he flatly refused.

Eddie Graney will probably be called to Sacramento

to tell what he knows about the collection of a fund. Among the things stated by Nolan was that Graney said during a discussion of the action of Corbett: "Why, they tried to hold me up for \$300."

Battling Nelson will make a good move if he drops Billy Nolan and engages George Siler as his manager, as rumor says he thinks of doing. It is said that Nelson will be unable to get matches hereafter in California if he retains Nolan, the latter having become unpopular on the Coast because of his bribery charges, the disagreeable attitude he assumed towards Jim Jeffries on the referee question, and the trouble he had with Manager Coffroth, incident to the great match recently fought. Siler is a man of well balanced, mature judgment, able to guide the young champion's destiny with skill and ability; and it would indeed be a good move on the latter's part to tie up with him.

If you haven't seen the kinetoscope pictures of the recent Britt-Nelson fight, take a tip from me and don't miss them, if the chance comes your way. They are the real things and are unquestionably the best panoramic views of the kind ever placed before the public. The entire eighteen rounds of the battle are shown, together with scenes before and after the fight began. The pictures show the bulldog tactics of Nelson, who, with head down kept following Britt all the time and forcing him to give ground, shaking off what punishment was coming to him as a dog shakes the water from his hide on coming out from a swim. Nelson carried the fight to Britt's corner continually, and it was right there that the knockout punch was delivered in the eighteenth round. The start of the right hand smash which did the business is clearly seen, but just where it landed cannot be discerned, as Britt's body is off the screen, but in the next second after the blow, Britt is seen to fall forward on his face and roll over. Half coming to, he tries to rise and apparently attempts to get out of the ring into the crowd, when, the count of ten having been made, his seconds rush in and pull him to his feet and into his corner, as the crowd rushes into the ring. The pictures do not jump and are wonderfully clear. The exhibition lasts about two hours and is interesting from beginning to end.

Once more the restrictions have been removed and the boxing enthusiasts of Chicago are again permitted to indulge their taste for the sport. Mayor Dunne is not opposed to boxing and as he says: "If the sport can be regulated so that sparring exhibitions may be given purely for the athletic, then I have no objections, but plug-uglies, alleged prize fighters, swindlers and fakirs must be barred or else there can be no exhibitions of any sort. Personally I can see no harm in boxing any more than I can see in baseball, football, la croise or such sport, where any one is subject to injuries. Of course, we all know that in boxing a man is likely to get a bloody nose or a black eye, but he is just as liable to receive such injuries, or even worse wounds, in football or la croise. If, however, the boxing exhibitions can be regulated, as is football and baseball, purely for the sport, then I have no objections."

This is a common sense view and shows Mayor Dunne to be possessed of at least one quality so essential in a leader of men, a divine sense of justice. Ex-Mayor Harrison nailed the lid down firmly when certain disgruntled promoters got fighting amongst themselves.

With the new regime came the hope that boxing bouts, such as heretofore prevailed, would again be permitted, says George Siler, provided, however, as Mayor Dunne says, they can be regulated. By this his Honor does not wish it inferred that only private corporations will be granted permits to conduct boxing shows, but that all incorporated organizations, provided, of course, they are in good standing, will be granted the same privilege.

"Permitting fakirs to fight and turning the sport into real prize fights," says the Mayor, "has brought the boxing game into disrepute and given it a black eye which will be hard to heal."

I take it from that his Honor's idea of regulating boxing exhibitions is for the managers of shows to see that none but well-trained athletes are permitted to contest; that contestants are equally matched as to weight, ability, etc.; that boxers with unsavory reputations will not be countenanced, and that they employ ring officials who will stop a contest immediately it becomes apparent one of the contestants is outclassed.

There are no reasons why boxing shows cannot be conducted to meet with the Mayor's approval, and there is no doubt that those honored with permits will take exceptionally good care that their shows are conducted on lines that will be acceptable to the Mayor and to those who have the interest of the sport at heart.

If the future of boxing depended upon the latent talent supposed to exist in Spokane, Wash., there is little likelihood of a champion being presented as long as the present city officials remain in power. Already the edict has gone forth among the city employees that boxing will not be permitted, and in the Fire department an official order to this effect has been issued. Boomer Weeks is said to be the man who "queered" the boxing game. Before he turned professional boxer Weeks was a fireman himself. In addition to being a fireman he demonstrated that he was no mean exponent of the manly art.

There was no trouble in that. The trouble came when Boomer came to be a professional and a great man in the eyes of his former fellow-workers. An epidemic broke out. Every fireman in the city of Spokane, more or less, wanted to be a prize fighter.

They bought boxing gloves, punching bags and the like, until the engine houses became veritable boxing clubs. All this came to the ears of the board of fire commissioners, and before they had time to take any action to head off the spreading of the disease, a message came from Chief Myers that the deciding step had been taken. This is the order that was issued:

"From this date on no prize fighting will be allowed by any member of the Spokane fire department. Those wishing to become fighters or take part in any fighting will file their resignations with the chief of the department, which will be acted on at once. Captains will not permit their respective stations to become training quarters for any boxing, or other sports not allowed by the rules of the department. This rule must be lived up to by all members. Respectfully, A. H. Myers, Chief Engineer."

"I issued the order because I do not approve of prize fighting among firemen," said Chief Myers. "If the practices of the past were kept up, soon all the firemen would become fighters and would not be attending to their duties. In nearly every city of the country fire stations are used as training quarters. I do not approve of this because of the unsavory crowd that it brings around the stations."

SAM C. AUSTIN.

MITCHELL

—ABOUT HIS FIGHTS—

DISCOURSES

Believes No Man in World Can Be Compared with Sullivan.

Strolling about the lawn at beautiful Belmont Park, the other afternoon, I ran across Charley Mitchell, who, next perhaps to Tom Sayers and Jim Mace, was the greatest man in English pugilistic history, but it was a far different Mitchell to the man I saw in the ring on that miserable drizzling day in France when he had the incomparable John L. Sullivan for his vis à vis in a battle for a world's championship title. Retirement, ease and money in plenty have altered Mitchell's appearance. The stamp of the pugilist has almost been eradicated. Mitchell now looks the leisure-loving Briton of the country squire type. Like most retired athletes he has put on weight, but he is still light and springy on his feet, his color is good and his eye clear and alert says an exchange.

It is only ten years since Mitchell passed out of the fighting game, after his defeat by Corbett. At that time he was only 33 years of age. So rapidly do events move that the Briton already seems a part of the traditions, rather than the present realities of the fighting game.

Mitchell himself resents the idea that he is old.

"They make back numbers quickly in the fighting game," he said, as he chatted of other days. "I'm only 43, or what in any other line would be considered young. Yet they speak of me as a chestnut."

"Of course, as far as fighting goes I'm all in, but I've got a long and active life coming to me yet. I think I afford a pretty fair example that a boxer with a good defense can go through many hard battles without sustaining any lasting injuries. In my time I've been up against some terrible belts. I'll never forget the one that John L. Sullivan gave me in our last fight in Chantilly, France. It caught me on the left eye, lifted me in the air and made me turn a complete somersault. A crack with a sledge hammer couldn't have hurt more."

"I never met a man who even classed with him, and though they talk about improvement of our boxers of to-day I don't think that the best of them could have beaten the Boston boy. He was the greatest of them all."

"I saw him fight Kilrain. John was old, sick and fat. His legs were so bad that between rounds he didn't dare to sit down for fear he wouldn't be able to get up



PROF. JOE MARTIN.

Colored Welterweight of Concord, N. C., who is willing to meet any Boxer in the State.

again. His seconds worked on him as he stood in his corner. Yet sheer courage kept him there till he won.

"I always recall with pride that I was the first man to knock him down, and that I twice managed to stay with him. That's enough fighting glory for me."

JIM PARR LOST.

Jim Barnes, the middleweight wrestler, lowered the colors of Jim Parr, at Springfield, Mass., on Oct. 12, in a handicap match.

Parr was to throw Barnes twice within an hour. He gained one fall in 39 minutes and 20 seconds, but was unable to gain another in the time remaining. The match was for \$500 a side and the gate receipts.

BANNARD, OF PRINCETON, is the author of Football, and How To Play It. It is profusely illustrated with the right kind of pictures, and it has the rules of both Association and Rugby in full. Get it now. Price 10 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

—BY THE ALL-WISE ORACLE—

FOR OUR READERS

C. D.—Did Jeffries make a tour of England meeting all comers? Was James J. Corbett ever champion of the world or recognized as such? How was Fitzsim-

T. P. R. Fargo, N. D.—The writer having made a bet on a horse race, in which only horses born and raised in North Dakota were entered, and which was called off on account of wet track, but the horses in this race were given \$15 a piece, regardless of the position they got, for an exhibition race; my bet was that a certain horse would get third place or better; does my bet hold good?....No.

A. E. S., Seattle, Wash.—We know nothing of McCarthy's records, and doubt their correctness.

F. H., New York.—Which is the heaviest, a gallon of water or a gallon of beer?....Test 'em yourself.

M. M., Butte City, Mont.—M. M. bets W. P. that Terry McGovern is the recognized feather-weight champion of the world; W. P. bets that he is not; who wins?....Not now; Abe Attell is the recognized champion.

J. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Let me know the first man that fought Terry McGovern in the professional class. Where was McGovern born?....I. His records say Barnes, he may have had an earlier fight of which there is no record. 2. To the best of our knowledge he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., although it has been claimed that he was born in Johnstown, Pa.

J. T. S., Elizabeth, N. J.—The Colma Club guarantees that the contestants end of the gate receipts will be at least \$20,000, that is so far as Britt is concerned, in other words, if Britt

wins the club gives him 65 per cent of the gate receipts and guarantees that the same amount to \$20,000. A bets that the club guarantees Britt \$20,000 if he wins; B bets the club does not guarantee Britt \$20,000?....A is wrong. The club guarantees \$20,000, of which Britt's share, if he won, would be 65 per cent.

W. C., Chicago, Ill.—A was sent to count a room full of chairs, and after counting them said there were

310 chairs in the room; B said there was not 310 chairs in the room; after the recount there was found to be 321; who wins?....B loses; there were 310 chairs and more. There only had to be the number named by A for the latter to win.

E. M. O.—Yes. Consult a good physical culturist.

J. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Smith & Howard, 116 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

T. J. K., New York.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?....No.

Reader, Massillon, O.—Send 10 cents and stamp for "Police Gazette" book on the subject.

J. H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—Write to John Mason, care of sporting editor of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*.

J. H., New York.—A bets B that a dog does not need to scratch to a dead one; B says yes?....He does.

P. J. S., Ulen, Minn.—A and B play draw poker: A antes; B stays; can A raise his ante before the draw?....No.

D. C., Atchison, Kan.—Send 10 cents and stamp for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" containing fighters' records.

W. A., Chicago.—What was the ringside betting on the last Britt-Nelson fight after Graney took charge?....10 to 7 on Britt.

J. H. R., Hartford, W. Va.—Name the blow that put Jim Corbett out at Carson City?....Commonly called the "solar plexus" blow.

Jim, Rochester, N. Y.—Write to Secretary of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, 61 Elm street, New York City, for particulars.

M. M., Catawba, Pa.—When playing a 5-cent game can the first man play 10 cents or can he only play 5 cents?....He can play 10 cents.

J. E. S.—A game of baseball is played and a fellow bets me that the winners double the score. The score was 1 to 0. Who wins?....He wins.

F. D., Chicago, Ill.—What were the weights of Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey at the time of their fight?....150 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 147 $\frac{1}{2}$ respectively.

H. R., Salida, Colo.—What was the referee's decision in the Corbett and Jackson fight of sixty-one rounds?....He declared it "no contest."

J. J. K., Evansville, Ind.—In what round did Young Corbett knockout Terry McGovern in their first fight, at Hartford, Conn.?....Second round.

J. W. W., Dunn, N. C.—In a game of set-back; A is 4; B is 6; A bids 3, makes the trump and makes low, Jack and game; B makes high; which wins?....High wins.

J. M. K., Cleveland, O.—What make of punching bag does Belle Gordon and Harry Seebach use for exhibition work?....They use "Police Gazette" punching bags.

J. R. J., U. S. S. Olympia.—That was a typographical error. Capt. Webb did swim the English Channel on Aug. 24, 1875. We thank you for calling our attention to it.

F. L., Cincinnati, O.—Is a United States 10 dollar certificate money or an order for money?....It is an order on the United States Treasury for its equivalent in gold or silver.

G. W. S., City Island, N. Y.—I would like to get information in regard to the death of Bill Poole; in what year and month was he shot and what time did

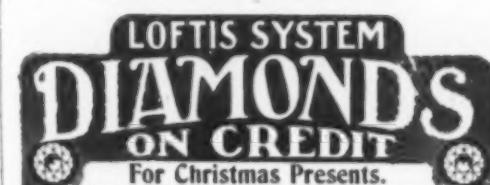
he die?....The fight began in Sunnix Hall, on the evening of the 24th of February, 1855, and continued until after midnight, when Poole was shot; he was taken to his home immediately in a dying condition, and lingered only a short time.

Trojans, Troy, N. Y.—Have Battling Nelson and Young Corbett fought twice in the ring?....November 20, 1904; Nelson won, 10 rounds; February 28, 1906; Nelson won, 9 rounds.

J. S., Orange, N. J.—What is the address of Mr. Powers, the promoter of six-day bicycle races, at Madison Square Garden?....St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway, New York.

G. D. and O. J., Stevens Point, Wis.—A and B made a bet on a ball game. Just before the game began, A went to the stakeholder and called his bet off; has A the right to withdraw the bet?....Not without B's consent.

Q. Q., Syracuse, N. Y.—Draw poker; No. 1 is dealing; No. 2 passes; No. 3 passes; No. 4 breaks the pot; No. 5 stays; No. 1, who is the dealer, also stays; No. 2, the first man from the deal, also stays; No. 3 had passed up his hand the first time around, raises the pot; every body stands the raise. After all five had drawn cards the breaker finds that he has made a mistake, and has no hand that he could break the pot on; who is entitled to the money?....If No. 3 had breakers, the best hand after the draw wins the pot.



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An Authority on all Card Games, If so send 15 two-cent stamps to this office for a copy of Hoyle's Games, revised.

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ED. MILLER.

He's a Bartender in Charles Peters' Saloon in San Francisco, Cal., and is one of the Best All-round Athletes on the Coast. His development is admirable.

mons champion of the world? Was Charley Mitchell ever champion of America or England?....1. No. 2. No. 3. Because he won the title in an international fight. 4. He was boxing champion of England.

W. H. G., Petaluma, Cal.—No other authority takes precedence over the POLICE GAZETTE. The battle between Kilrain and Sullivan was for the championship of America, not of the world.

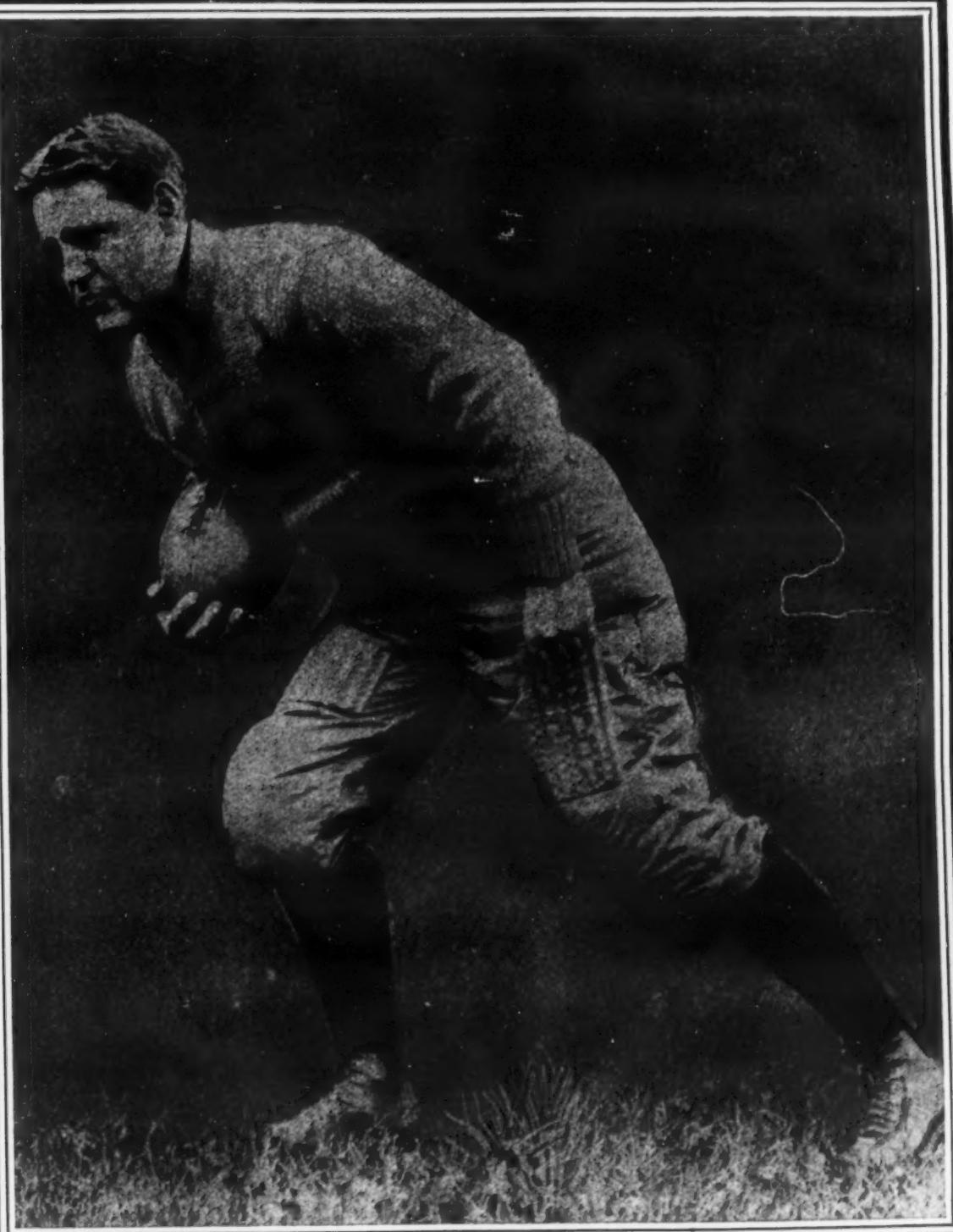
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SHOULD GET THIS TREATISE BY

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CLUB SWINGING BY THE AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS....FOR GOOD HEALTH....SIX 2-CENT STAMPS



Photo by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

ALL GOOD SEA SOLDIERS, THESE.

A COMPANY OF UNITED STATES MARINES ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS—A TRIM, WELL TRAINED BODY OF MEN AND THEIR COMMANDERS.



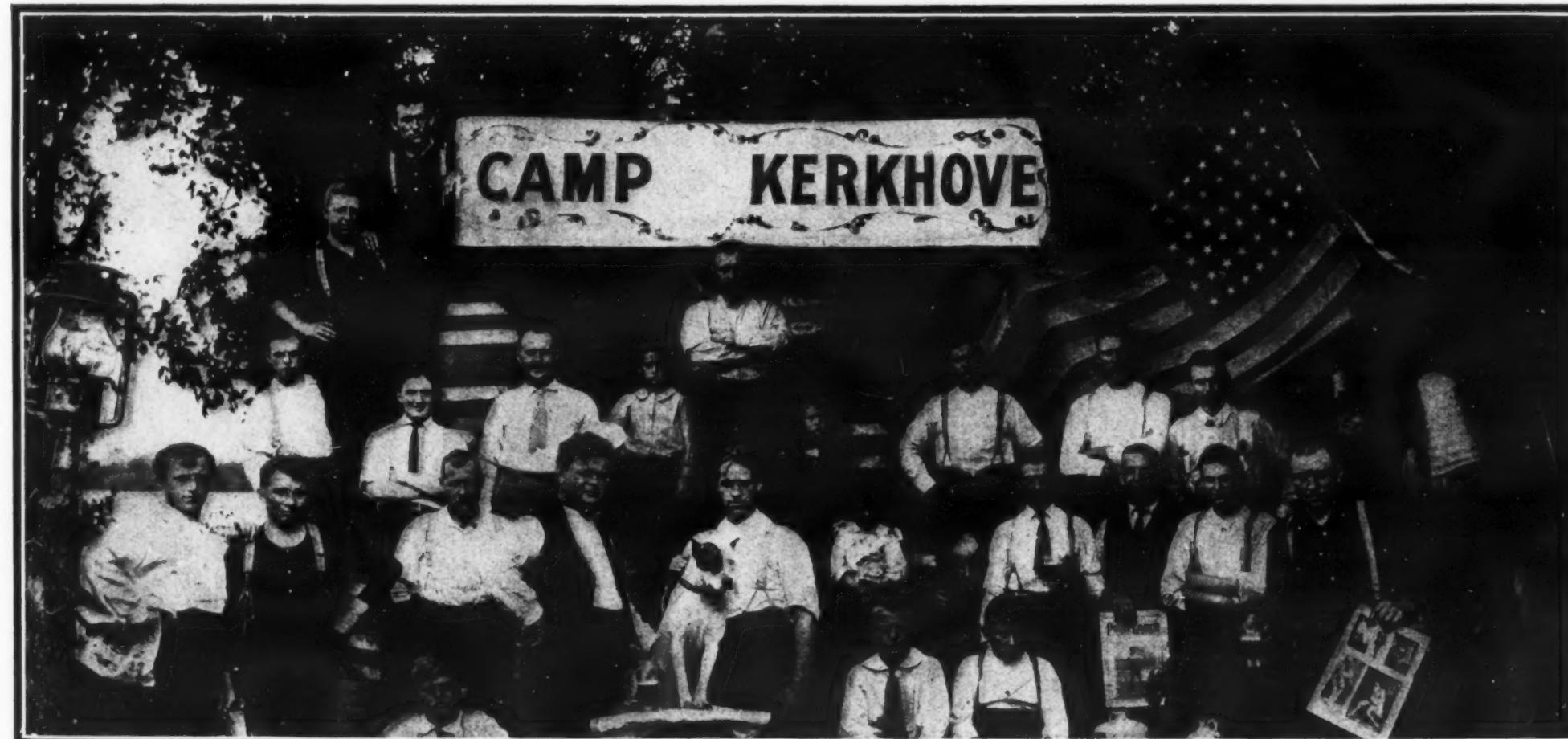
BATTLING NELSON ROUGHING IT.

THIS IS A FAVORITE TRAINING STUNT OF THE GREAT LITTLE BOXER WHO STANDS AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS IN THE LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION.



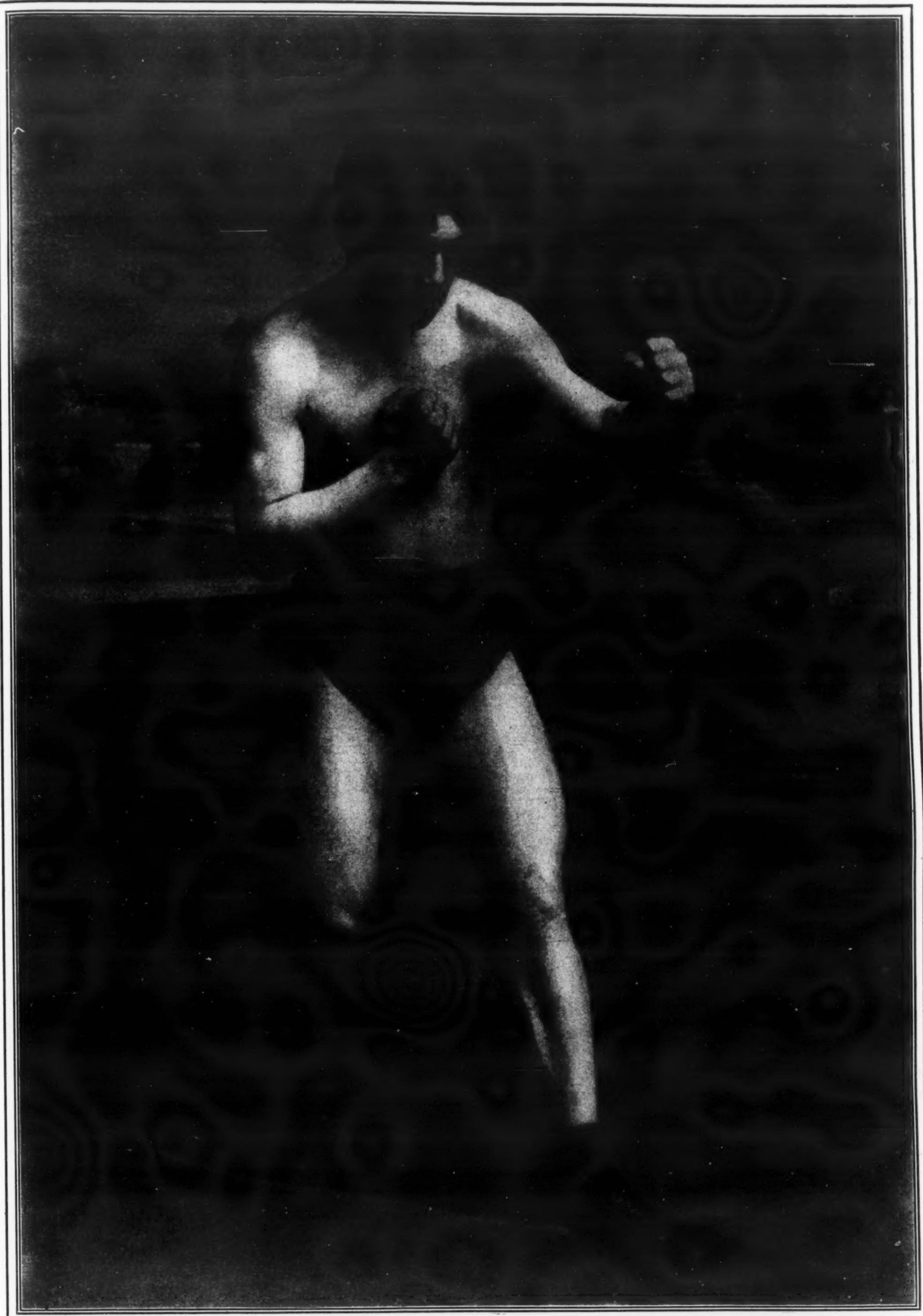
W. B. WEGEHENKEL.

HE IS A MODEL ATHLETE OF LAWRENCE, MASS.



"DOWN WHERE THE WURZBURGER FLOWS."

EMIL KERKHOVE, ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN SALOONMEN OF MOLINE, ILL., AND A CROWD OF JOLLY SPORTS WHO HAVE NO USE FOR WATER, EXCEPT FOR FISHING PURPOSES.

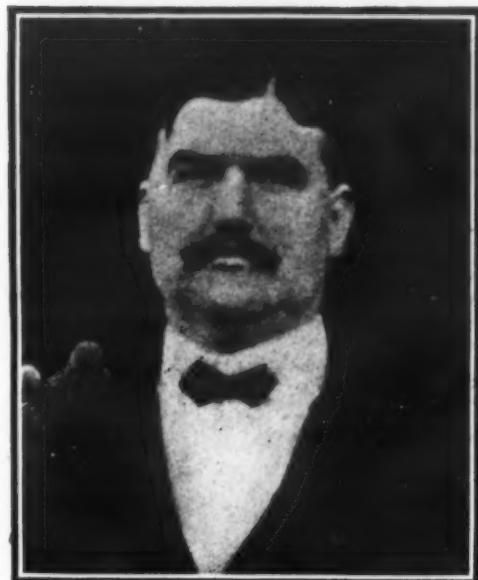


JIMMY BRIGGS.

BUSY NEW ENGLAND BOXER, ONE OF THE HARDEST PROPOSITIONS IN THE ROPED ARENA, WHO WILL DO BATTLE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

WELL-KNOWN SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Michael D'Amato, of 370 Fifth street, Jersey City, N. J., is a well-known saloonist, and has much experience in handling wet goods. He is a member of several clubs and societies in New Jersey, in the affairs of which he takes an active interest.

INVENT A DRINK WIN A MEDAL.

This competition is arranged with the sole object in view of encouraging American bartenders.

All you have to do is to get up a recipe for a new drink.

Use your brains a bit.

It will cost you nothing to compete and you are not asked to pay any fee whatever.

Try for the prizes.

Send in a recipe anyhow.

It may be a winner.

We want your photograph, too.

If you have one taken specially, pose for it just as you look when you are on duty.

New recipes are printed here every week in order that the men behind the bar can keep posted on what the other fellows are doing.

CONSTIPATION COCKTAIL.

(By D. Burnett, Bedford Tavern, Brooklyn.)

Use mixing glass; one-third Lash's bitters; one-third Vermouth; one-third Dry Gin. Strain and serve in cocktail glass with olive.

THE CLIPPER.

(By P. J. Harvey, New York City.)

Large Collins glass; one-half shapen Rhine wine; juice of one lime; bottle of Club soda, shaved ice and skin of whole lemon.

BISMARCK HIGHBALL.

(By T. F. Grant, Newark, N. J.)

Large shell glass; one lump of ice; a piece of lemon peel; one wine glass Rhine wine; fill up with ginger ale.

KENTUCKY CLUB.

(By John Egan, Hurley, Wis.)

Use large bar glass; one large bar spoon powdered sugar; mixing glass half full shaved ice; white of one egg; two dashes Anisette; half a Jigger Absinthe; half a jigger V. O. P. Scotch whiskey. Shake well, strain in small bar glass, fill with White Rock Lithia water.

WYOMING SWISS EZZ.

(By B. Rhodes, Occidental Hotel, Buffalo, Wyo.)

Use mixing glass half full shaved ice; half of a lemon; half a tablespoon of pulverized sugar; white of one egg; two dashes Anisette; half a Jigger Absinthe; half a jigger V. O. P. Scotch whiskey. Shake well, strain in small bar glass, fill with White Rock Lithia water.

MISSOURI PUNCH.

(By Rudy N. Kohlman, Chillicothe, Mo.)

Mixing glass half full shaved ice; two mixing spoons sugar; three dashes lemon juice; one-quarter Jigger raspberry syrup; one-quarter Jigger Curacao; one-half Jigger Bourbon whiskey; two dashes Jamaica rum; fill glass with milk; shake well and strain into punch glass with nutmeg.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend.
It lasts. It will shines on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 255 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904.

Hammer the Hammer

and convince yourself that it is *not* one of the rank and file of the "went-off-by-accident" kind. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"; the proof in this case is in the trying.

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver

cannot be discharged unless you pull the trigger. It is so constructed that the hammer cannot possibly come in contact with the firing pin unless the trigger is pulled all the way back—true of no other revolver. Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the "why"—tells you why it's safe, why it's accurate and why it's reliable—gladly sent on request, together with our handsome catalogue. For sale by all leading Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Hammer, \$5.00

Look for our name on the barrel and the owl's head on the grip.

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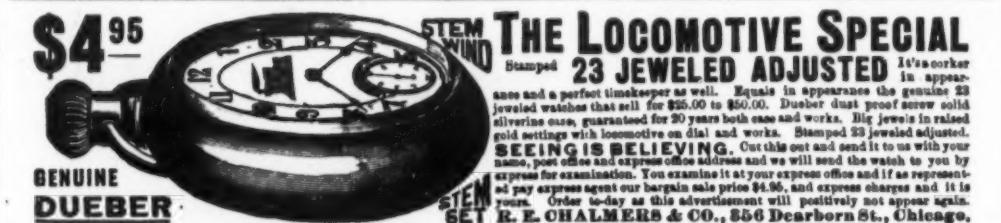


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BIG MONEY. Very enthusiastic and scientific and attracts patronage from all classes. **NO TROUBLE TO INSTALL and NO EXPENSE TO OPERATE. NO PIN BOY NEEDED.** 2,000 Alleys sold. 30 to 48 feet long, 3 feet wide. Use 4½ inch Balls. We have customers operating from 1 to 15 Alleys each. Cash or payments. Our booklet is free and tells you all about it. **Dept. P. AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind.**



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Show men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau, 81 Cincinnati, Ohio.

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People here wouldn't adulterate if they knew how, they are too honest! We sell more genuine old whiskey and less water than any known competitor.

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It's made by honest people here in the mountains of North Carolina in old style copper stills, just as it was made by our grandfathers. First rate whiskey sold at \$2.00 to \$6.00 a bottle, but it's not any better than ours. It's a pleasure, or we will buy it back. We have a capital of \$500,000 and our word is good. To introduce this old, honest whiskey we offer FIVE FULL QUARTS—two sample bottles FREE, one 15, one 18 years old—a cork screw and a drinking glass—all for \$2.95. If \$5.90 is sent we will double the above and put in free one bottle of fine Peach Brandy, extra. We ship in plain boxes and prepay all express. Buyers west of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakotas must add 30c per quart extra.

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\$63.45 ^{In} One Week

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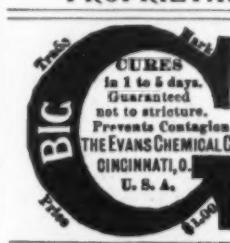
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Either primary, secondary or tertiary, producing Copper colored Spots, Pimples, Sore Throats, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers. Mucous Patches in month, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, etc., quickly positive, and removed by this. Half a pound a compound a few weeks' use of which makes a clean healthy being, after complete failure with the Hot Springs and other treatment. Full information, and a bottle for trial, sent free of charge to all sufferers. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn.



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CAPSULES. Theatrical, quick and thorough cure for gonorrhoea, gleet, whites, etc. Easy to take, convenient to carry. Fifty years successful use. Price \$1. at druggists, or by mail from The Tarrant Co., 44 Hudson St., New York.



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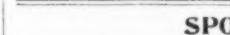
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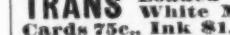
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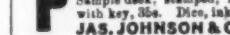
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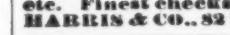
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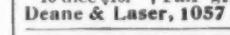
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Joseph Barbalinardo, of Albany street, New York, is a young tonsorialist, who handles the razor and shears with wonderful skill. He has a host of friends on the West Side of the metropolis, who predict for him a bright future.

ANOTHER FOR JEANETTE.

Joe Jeanette, the colored middleweight, put Pat O'Rourke down and out with a right and left swing to the jaw in the fifth round of a fight that was scheduled to go to a finish.

The bout took place before a fashionable club in Bergen County, New Jersey, on Oct. 7.

DONOHUE BESTED SMITH.

Sammy Smith, the Philadelphia boxer, clashed with Young Donohue, of Boston, Mass., in the customary six-round argument at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Oct. 14. The boy from Boston came every time to the Quaker.

Up until the fifth round Donohue had won every round by a small margin, and had done all the forcing. Sammy danced away, blocked and led with his left hand jab but nothing availed him. Several times he tried speed to pull him out of the hole, but the Boston boy was wise to every act of his rival and earned the verdict.

Grover Hayes, the Chicago bantam, crossed arms with Tommy Carrey, and the rushing little lad from the Windy City won the bit.

Billy Willis, of this city, and Tommy Love, of Washington, were the next pair to toe the mark. The bout was a good one.

Frankie Carsey, of Chicago, and Rouse O'Brien, of Boston, were the principals in the semi-windup, and it was one of the best mills ever seen at the club, with honors even at the end of the race.

MORE QUAKER CITY BOUTS.

The Keystone Club at Philadelphia, Pa., was packed on Oct. 14, when some fast bouts were witnessed. In the opening bout Battling Stinger, of Southwark, and Johnny Faulkner went for each other as soon as the bell rang. Stinger set a fast pace in the third round. Twice Johnny was dropped to the floor for the count, but he gamely resumed only to be dropped again for good. The next bout on the list was between Griff Jones, of Philadelphia, and Kid Egan, of Washington, and it was a biff bang affair all through.

The third pair to enter the ring were Jimmy Devine, of Southwark, and Young Crosta, of Bricesburg. It went only two rounds, but in that short space of time they engaged in the hardest kind of mix-ups. Crosta went to the hard-hitting Jimmy in the second round but the end was near as with a short right upper-cut to Crosta's jaw, the latter fell like a log. There was no need to count and Devine carried him to his corner.

Kid Stinger, of Southwark, met a big surprise package in the semi-windup, when he faced Tommy Herman, of Frisco. The Western boy handed it out to the Kid as he never had it handed to him before. With all this Stinger kept after Herman and mix-up followed mix-up. It was a bitterly contested bout with the honors going to Herman at the end.

HOT BOXING.

The patrons of the Manayunk A. C., at Philadelphia, got the worth of their money on Oct. 14, as the bouts were full of action from the first to the last.

Kid Fredericks and Dimp O'Donnell, were right there with the punch and they kept the house in an uproar the whole time that they were in the ring. Dimp was the first to lead. He pushed his left into the Kid's face and sent his right to the bread-basket an' a ear. Then Fredericks got busy and at the gong had Dimp on the run.

The second round was "even Stephen," but the third was landed in O'Donnell's corner. A couple of right and left swings did the trick.

The last three rounds found each at one another hammering and boxing away. The Kid reached Dimp's body quite frequently with uppercuts, but O'Donnell was there, too, with his ever-ready left jab and at the finish a draw was a fair deal.

Shine Brown and Young Yarnell then performed for four rounds. A slumber producing punch landed on Yarnell's chin in that round and all bets were declared off. Neither boy had any advantage over the other. It was an even scrap, both contestants taking considerable punishment.

The semi-windup was between Kid Peerless and

Eddie Burke. For six sessions Eddie banged the Kid and the Kid slammed Eddie. The second round was probably the most exciting of all. The boys fought all over the ring.

Peerless had a beautiful right hook which frequently made connection with Burke's jaw. But Burke was not to be forgotten. He dug into the Kid with both hands in a way that made the fur fly.

In the fifth and sixth rounds, the house was brought to its feet by the terrific infighting of both scappers.

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AND FURNITURE.
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FREE TO WEAK MEN.

The prescription for Man Medicine is now yours free for the asking. Weak, discouraged, unable men are made strong in man might, power and potency by the curative properties of Man Medicine. For the free receipt for Man Medicine send your name and address. You can prove Man Medicine's power over nervous debility, sexual incompetency and weakness and put Man Medicine to the proof. Your name and address brings it sealed, in a plain wrapper—free. Address **INTERSTATE REMEDY CO.**, 560 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MEN—May I send you free information of my Scientific Treatment which has astonished the world and dumfounded all medical science. Gives immediate relief from Impotency, Emissions and Wasting Drains. Endorsed everywhere by physicians and reliable business men who have used it. Price \$2.00. C. Bartholomew, 1 Valphey Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Safe, speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. DR. LAFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Talking Machines AND Slot Machines.

\$13.50 buys our \$45.00 largest Size Disc Phonograph; Concert Sound box; handsome cabinet, extra large horn; direct from factory. Our Slot Weighing Scales will earn you \$3.00 per day; price \$38.00. ROGERS MFG. CO., 147 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

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LADIES! \$500 reward if our remedy fails to relieve delayed monthly periods; no matter how long suppressed; safe relief; \$3. PRIVATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Dept. H, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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FACTS of Vital Importance to Every Sufferer From Blood Poison

FACT ONE—It takes time to tell whether you are permanently cured by a treatment, or merely patched up for the present.

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FACT EIGHT—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

ABOVE EIGHT FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE.

The Cook Remedy Co. solicit the most obstinate cases. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years the Cook Remedy Co. have made a specialty of treating this disease, and they have unlimited capital behind their unconditional guarantee.

You can be treated at home for the same price and with the same guarantee. With those who prefer to go to Chicago the Cook Remedy Co. will contract to cure them or pay railroad and hotel bills and make no charge if they fail to cure.

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CONTAGIOUS DISEASES. DOUBLE QUICK, SAFE, NO PAIN,
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A POSITIVE CURE FOR MEN
ONLY. Without medicine—ALLAN'S SOLUBLE
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VIGORINE WILL DO FOR YOU
WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR THOUSANDS
OF OTHER WEAK MEN. A \$2.00 box for
\$1.00 and a guarantee to refund your dollar if not satisfied.

You risk nothing by trying it. Particulars free.

GEO. YATES, Box 152, Jersey City, N. J.

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CACTUS Restores Manhood,
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Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit.
One application positively proves its value.
Makes weak men strong and strong men
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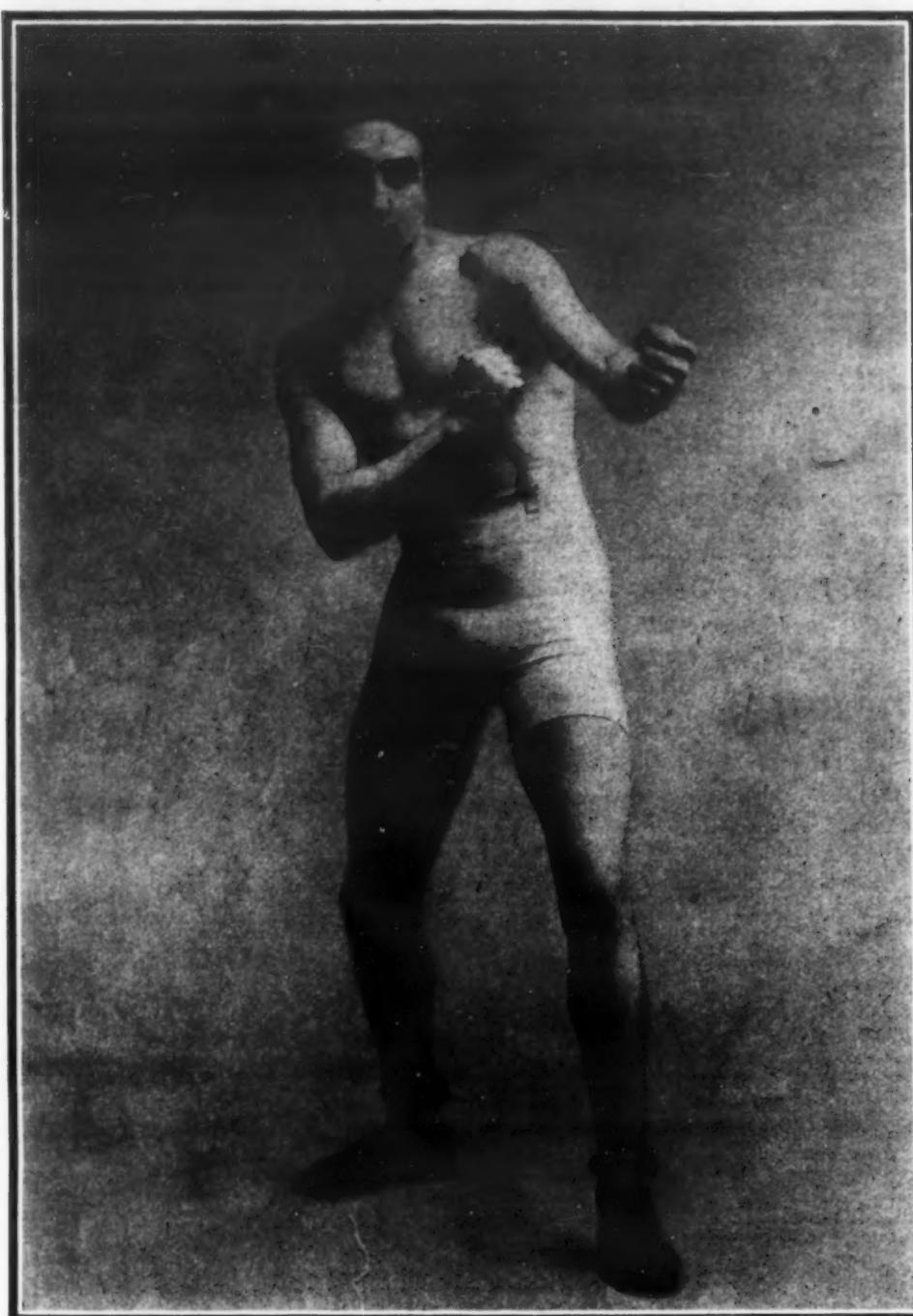
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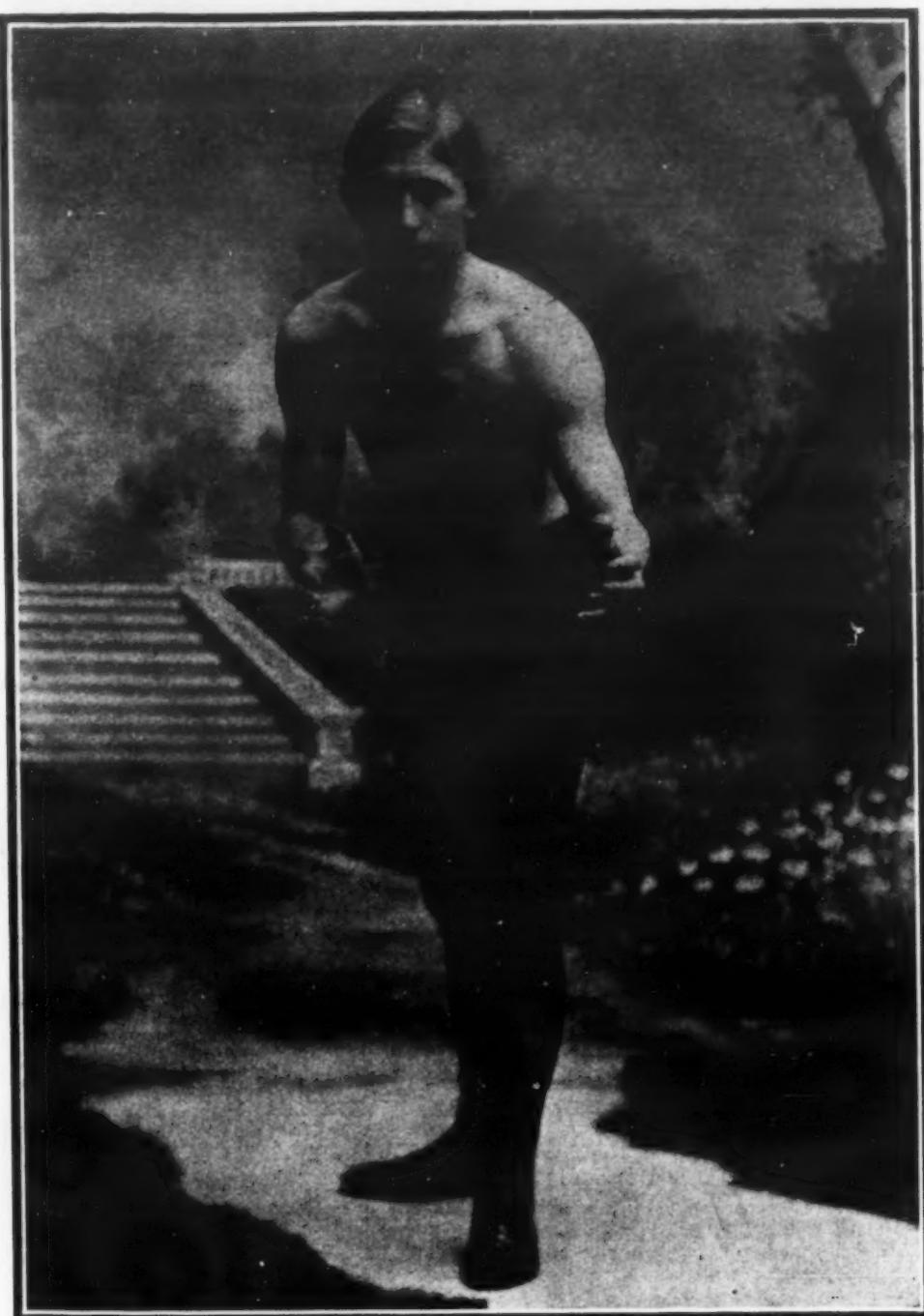
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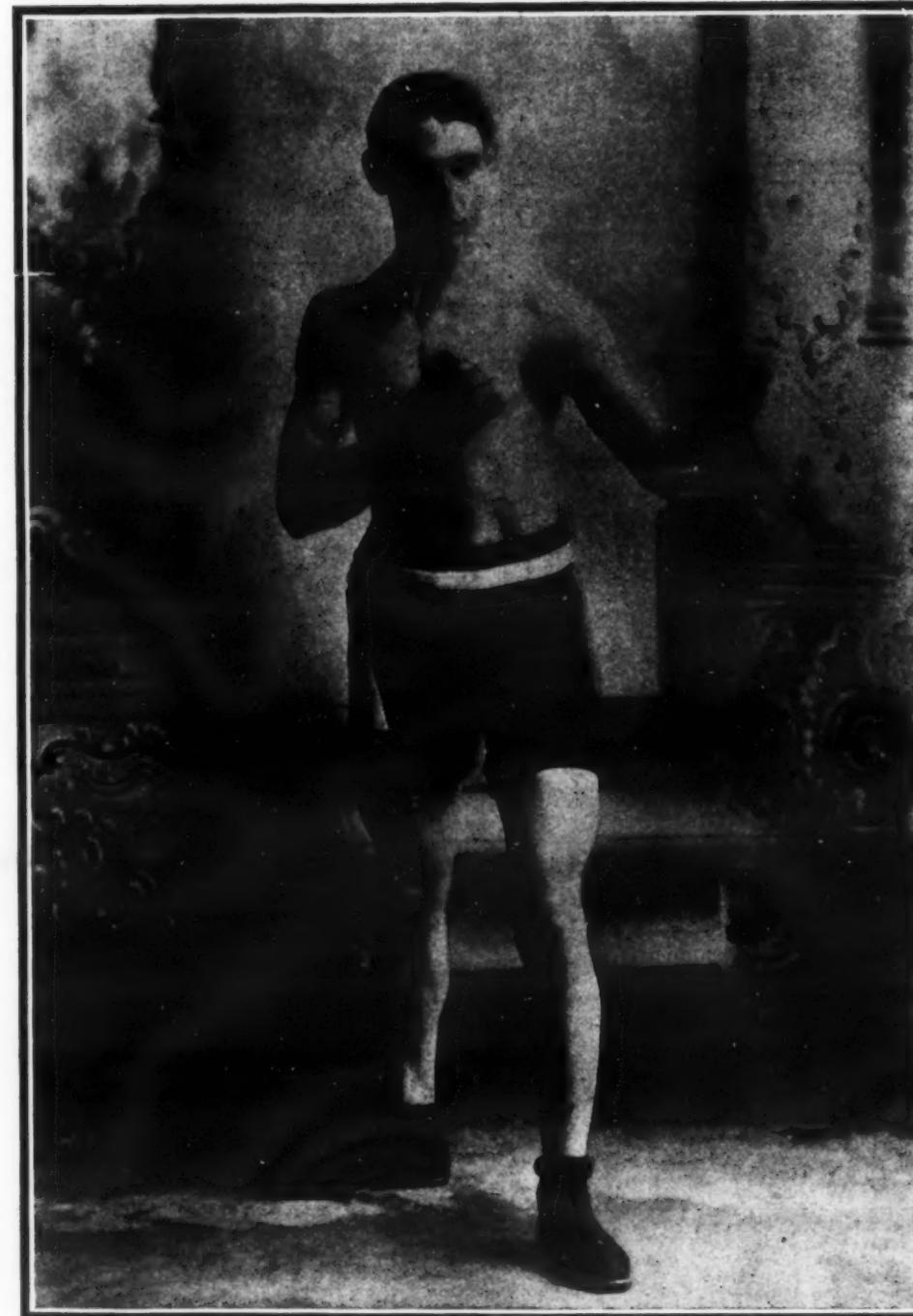
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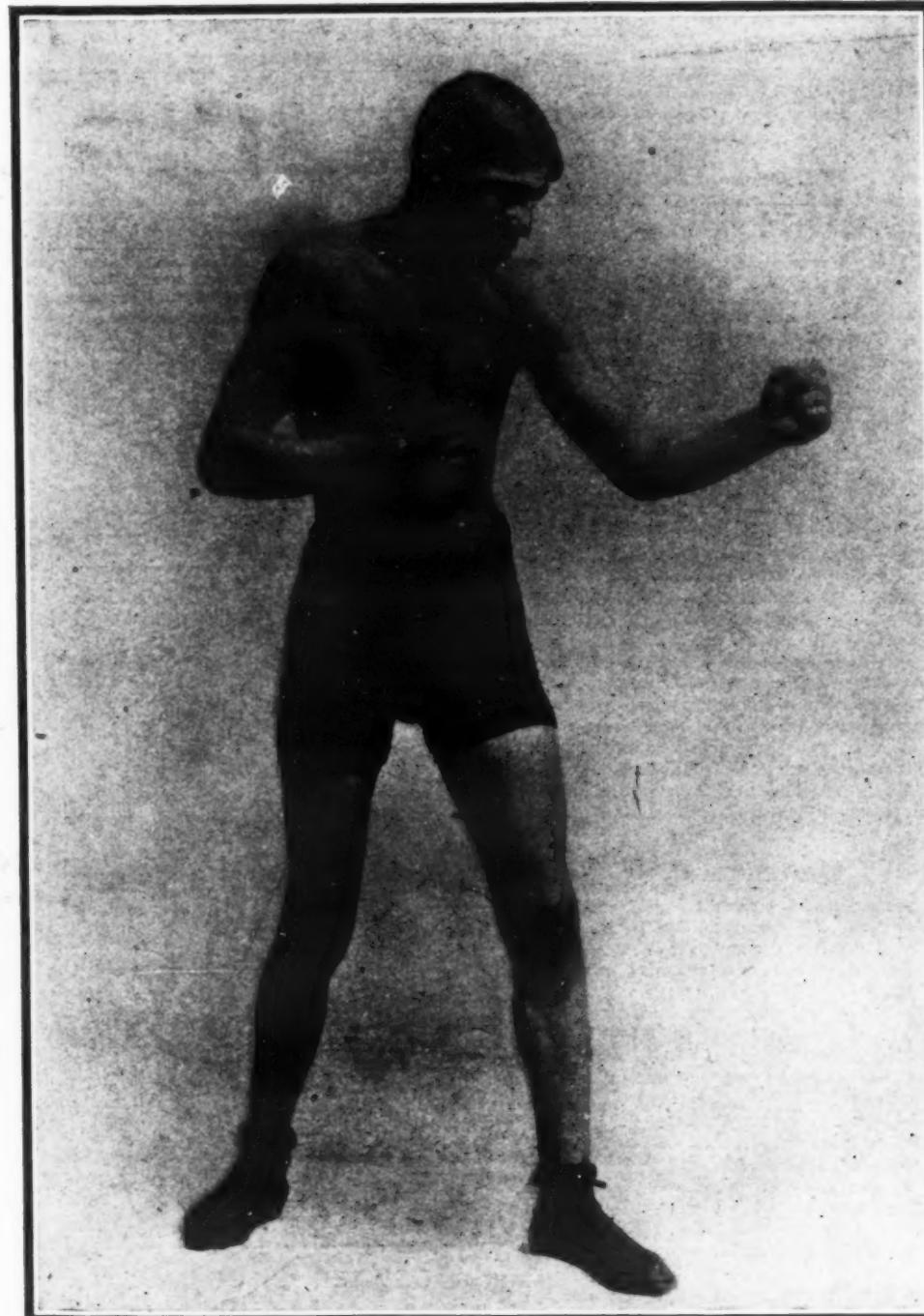
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